The Nation

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Summary of the News

With the nearer approach of the Presidential election the politicians become busier, but listlessness still seems to mark the public attitude towards the campaign. Registration appears to have been heavy, but it is impossible to discern any preponderating public sentiment for either candidate. President Wilson, returned from the West after addressing a large audience in Chicago on the duties of foreign-born citizens, is said to feel confident of reëlection. Similar confidence as to the election of Mr. Hughes is said to reside in the bosoms of Republican leaders. Speaking at Youngstown, O., on October 19, Mr. Hughes amplified his statement at Louisville in regard to what he would have done when the Lusitania was sunk by the assertion that he would have done what he had previously said that he would do. Democratic efforts continue unabated to make it appear that the Republican candidate is delivered body and soul into the arms of the German-Americans. On Sunday the Democratic National Committee put out a document, the first of a series, containing the charge that Mr. Hughes has a secret understanding with the notorious Jeremiah A. O'Leary and the "American Independence Conference." The charge was immediately denied in the most explicit terms by Mr. Hughes. On the other hand, Republican campaigners point to the appeal to labor on behalf of Mr. Wilson issued last Saturday by the Labor Representation Committee of the American Federation of Labor as the first fruits of the President's surrender in the matter of the eight-hour legislation.

Sir Douglas Haig's reply to an elaborate statement issued in Berlin on September 17, designed to show the failure of the British offensive on the Somme, came at the end of last week, when the British made a considerable advance along a three-mile front between the Schwaben Redoubt and Le Sars, a section of the front which had successfully resisted British assaults at the beginning of the offensive in July. A thousand German prisoners were taken in the course of the engagement. The French have made good their occupation of Sailly-Saillisel, of which they held only a part when we wrote last week, and they also occupy the whole of Chaulnes Wood, where they gained a footing a fortnight ago.

On the Rumanian front the centre of interest is again in Dobrudja. Von Falkenhayn's drive, which had brought him to the frontiers of Rumania and at points upon Rumanian soil, was rolled back with the aid of Russian reinforcements. Halted on the Transylvanian front, the Germans immediately resumed the initiative in Dobrudja. There von Mackensen's troops have gained a remarkable victory. On his centre and right Mackensen has captured Cobadin and Constanza, Rumania's one seaport, and is well astride the Cernavoda-Constanza railway. The Rumanians seem to have offered determined resistance on their right wing protecting the bridge over the Danube at Cernavoda, but that place is seriously threatened as we write.

Of events on other fronts, the most notable is the Servian advance in Macedonia, which has been carried two miles north of Brod, that city having fallen early last week. In Galicia things do not appear to be going any too well for the Russians, at least to the extent that nowhere do they seem able to advance. The renewed drive against Halicz appears to have been beaten back, and in the give and take in the battle which has raged almost continuously all along Brussiloff's front the Teutons seem to have had slightly the better of it. On the other hand, Petrograd reports that a serious attempt by the Teutonic forces to drive a wedge between Russians and Rumanians in the Carpathians has been defeated.

Stringent measures were adopted by the French last week to guard against the possibility (which must have been regarded as of a fairly definite nature) of a stab in the back by King Constantine's forces. The trouble appears to have begun with a demonstration, organized by reservists, which took place after the King had reviewed the sailors and marines of the Greek fleet on October 16. French marines were landed by Admiral du Fournet and occupied various strategic positions in Athens. Small effort to maintain public order appears to have been made by the Greek police and military. Order was, however, restored by the French, and the upshot of the matter is that French sailors and marines now control Athens, a French officer having been appointed Chief Inspector at the Ministry of the Interior with powers sufficiently drastic to prevent a repetition of the rioting of last week. Correspondents profess to have positive knowledge that many of those who took part in the disorders and anti-Ally demonstrations were hired for the purpose. Reuter's correspondent, in a dispatch dated October 20, but only published here on Monday, declares that new demands have been presented by the Allies which require Greece to transfer to the Peloponnesus all the troops at present in Thessaly, in the rear of the Allied forces in Macedonia.

The exploits of the U-53 came up for discussion in the British Parliament early last week, when Viscount Grey, in reply to questions, stated that no representations on the matter would be made to the Government of the United States until that Government had published the result of its investigations. Dispatches from Washington on Thursday of last week intimated that no statement on the case was likely to be made.

On the general question of the U-boat campaign dispatches from Amsterdam of October 19 asserted, on the authority of the Berlin newspaper *Germania*, that von Hindenburg had come out definitely as opposed to a reversion to the ruthless policy of submarine warfare. Whether ruthless or not, that form of warfare has been marked by unusual activity during the past week. In particular, it seems to have been directed against Norwegian vessels, of which a number have been torpedoed, in some cases with resultant loss of life. It seems not impossible that the distinction thus accorded to Norwegian ships may be intended as the accompaniment and reinforcement of the German protest, recorded in dispatches of October 22, against the Norwegian ordinance, recently announced, in regard to submarines of belligerent Powers. Such vessels are forbidden to traverse Norwegian waters except in cases of emergency, when they must keep on the surface and must fly their national flag. Mercantile submarines are allowed in Norwegian waters under the same conditions and only in daylight. Before leaving the subject of submarines we may mention the report circulated by dispatches from Washington of October 17, that the Lusitania case had been settled and that a note showing the terms, according to which Germany avoided disavowal, would shortly be published. The report was denied at the State Department on the following day.

The Cunard liner Alaunia was sunk by a mine in the English Channel on October 19. The passengers had been landed previously at Falmouth, and all but two of the crew were saved.

Dispatches from Berlin of October 19 announced that Field-Marshal Alexander H. R. von Kluck had been put on the retired list of the German army at his own request.

The Austrian Premier, Count Karl Stuergkh, was assassinated in a restaurant in Vienna by Dr. Friedrich Adler, a publisher, on October 21. According to the confession of Dr. Adler the motive of the crime was political, the refusal of the Premier to convene Parliament.

The President gave out a statement from Long Branch on October 17 announcing the failure of his efforts to bring about an agreement among the belligerents for the relief of Poland.

The State Department, it was announced in dispatches from Washington of October 21, regards a "constructive" state of war as existing in Mexico, thus upholding the opinion of the Judge-Advocate-General of the army that soldiers in Mexico may only be tried by military courts. The decision is also of interest for its bearing on the vote of the National Guard in the Presidential election. As an incident in the constructive state of war was a clash between a small force of American troops and Mexicans near San José on October 19.

Reports that the British Government intended to enforce conscription in Ireland were apparently disposed of by Mr. Lloyd George's speech in the House of Commons on October 18, made in course of a debate on the present situation in Ireland. The Secretary for War, admitting that "stupidities beyond belief" had been committed in Ireland, appealed for cooperation of all parties "before beginning the controversy about recruiting."

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The Week

The fervid little colloquy between the Colonel and the railway worker in Gallup, N. M., arose naturally out of the circumstances. No one can disagree with the Colonel unless there is something physically or spiritually the matter with him. Here in the East the opponents of Mr. Roosevelt are either Wall Street malefactors or second-story men. Since such vices do not exist in Rough Rider-land, the only possible explanation is that the Gallup man who disagreed with the Colonel must have been drunk, and he was quite properly told to go home and sober up. But the real significance of the incident at Gallup is in the proof it offers of the persistence of Mr. Roosevelt's fighting quality, and the wonder it raises why the Republican National Committee should be wasting that unparalleled energy on Arizona and New Mexico with a beggarly total of six electoral votes, when there is Ohio, for instance, with 24 votes, or Wisconsin with 13, or Indiana with 15. Now, if the Colonel were to challenge the fools and cowards in Cincinnati, and tell them to go home and sober up, or in Cleveland, or in Milwaukee, the effect on the campaign might easily be decisive. Or is that what the directors of the Republican campaign had in mind when they sent the Colonel to Arizona and New Mexico?

Col. Roosevelt might have forced a real analogy between Mexico and Cuba if he had referred to our second intervention in the affairs of the latter country, and postulated "what he would have done" to the former upon the assumption of our right to act upon the principles of the Platt amendment with regard to her. The Colonel tells us he would have substituted the big stick for the dish rag in Mexico, and so insisted upon courage and resolution that "if Carranza had said we must not use Mexican railways we would have used the Mexican railways and used them alone." Why did he not point to the acts by which the United States made itself master of Cuba from 1906 to 1909 as the real illustration of his course with Mexico had he been President? Why attempt a parallel between our war with Spain over a Spanish dominion, and our attitude towards an independent country torn by home factions? Is it because, for all his big-stick courage, the Colonel is a little afraid to avow willingness to act on the Platt principle towards a country as free as the United States itself, and morally as exempt from undue interference? Mr. Roosevelt might well be. He may feel that his cynical blusterings about our weak neighbor will win his party votes. But he must perceive that to define their implications and declare our right to invade brutally a neighboring republic whenever we pleased and settle by force its domestic difficulties, while "making it possible for American enterprise to carry railroads, irrigation works, and other benefits of civilization" there at its own will, would offend far more Americans than it would attract. The citizens of this nation would rather see Mexico helped to settle her problems than coerced into a position of vassalage.

"You cannot repeal a surrender"—Mr. Hughes's reply to a heckler at Sioux City last week—was much more than an effective epigram. What it put into five words is the essential truth of the matter, and hardly required the addition of any comment to make it, for an intelligent mind, a complete answer to the silly question asked by the heckler. It is one thing to say that the bill extorted from Congress by the Brotherhoods at the point of the pistol should not have been passed, and quite another to say that, having been passed, it ought to be repealed. For good or ill, Congress and the President gave the Brotherhoods what they demanded as the price of calling off the strike; for good or ill, the country must stand by the bargain. Mr. Hughes patiently pointed out to his questioner that the duration of the arrangement as to wages instituted by the bill was such that by the time the next Congress assembles in regular session, it would have run its course; and he added that if, nevertheless, the question of repeal should come up he would decide his position upon it by "ascertaining the exact facts and what justice would dictate ought to be done at that time." Does any one pretend that there was even the faintest effort to do anything of the kind in the hold-up legislation of last month?

That Ohio should be in doubt is perhaps the most surprising development of the campaign. Nor is one's interest in the mother of (Republican) Presidents decreased by a comparison of the election figures of four years ago with those of 1908. Ohio's total vote in 1912 was 90,000 less than it had been in 1908. New York's total was only 12,000 less, while Massachusetts increased hers by more than 50,000. In New York, as in Illinois, however, it was the growth of the Socialist vote that kept up the total. The Republicans and Democrats lost, the combined decrease in each of these two States being about 36,000. But Ohio was content with no such half-way apathy —or disgust. The slump of 90,000 in her total vote took place despite a jump in the Socialist returns from 34,000 to 90,000. That is, the combined old-party vote in Ohio was 147,000 less in 1912 than in 1908. Wilson polled 80,000 fewer votes than Bryan, and Taft and Roosevelt together polled 67,000 fewer than the former had four years before. If one knew what these silent 147,000 were going to do—in addition to knowing what the Progressives and the Socialists of 1912 were going to do—one might be in a position to hazard a guess at which column will contain Ohio's electoral vote. What light is thrown upon the probabilities by the election of 1914? Well, 70,000 of the 80,000 non-voting Democrats voted for the Democratic candidate for Governor. The Republican candidate got the Taft vote, 73 per cent. of the Roosevelt vote, the 67,000 stay-at-homes of 1908, and 12,000 others, say, Socialists, for the Socialist vote declined. The vote for Senator, however, fell for the Democratic candidate to within a few hundred of the vote for Wilson. There are apparently 70,000 Democrats in Ohio who do not hesitate to stay at home when they choose. On the face of these figures, Republican prospects for winning Ohio this year should be rosy. The fact that they are not so regarded at Republican headquarters is sufficient commentary upon the pleasant game of playing with election figures.

Victor Murdock's climbing down on Mr. Wilson's side of the fence is particularly impressive at this time. It has the appearance of decision after long and careful consideration of the alternatives, and there is no reason to suppose that this appearance does not reflect the reality. On the other hand, it comes rather late to affect many Progressive votes. The great hesitation came just after the Chicago conventions, and within a few weeks the bulk of the party had returned to its old allegiance and the remnant had made up its mind to vote for Wilson and Parker. The practical effect of the announcement, in Wilson's favor, will be due to its influence upon voters of independent leanings who were still wavering or who needed one more push to land them irrevocably in the anti-Hughes camp. Upon such persons, Murdock's choice of leader will be

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of force, not only because of his evident deliberation in making it, but because of the esteem in which he is held as a man of sincerity and freedom from narrow partisanship. The Kansas Congressman represented the leaven in the Progressive lump. There was only one person who could "deliver" him, and that was not the Colonel, but Victor Murdock. It would be hard to name a Progressive whose allegiance would be worth more to the President than his.

Almost on the eve of the voting, Massachusetts Democrats are looking around for a candidate to oppose Lodge for the Senatorship. The rest of the country supposed that they had a fighting candidate in Boston's former Mayor, John F. Fitzgerald. But it turns out that Fitzgerald took the nomination only because no other Democrat of prominence could be induced to make the run. In his own words, "I agreed to take the nomination as trustee for the party when Gov. Walsh and Sherman Whipple, the two most likely candidates, refused to run, rather than have Mr. Lodge unopposed." Accordingly, he is "ready to withdraw from the Senatorial race if it is to the advantage of President Wilson and the Democratic ticket." This is the proper spirit, but all efforts to persuade ex-Gov. William L. Douglas to be the candidate have failed. The name of Matthew Hale has been mentioned for the place, but he does not seem to know whether he is wanted or not. The situation is piquant, not only in itself, but as a commentary upon the sacred finality of primaries.

Whatever campaign managers or party newspapers may do or say, the good old cause of protection is supported in the good old way by the American Protective Tariff League. Here we have a terrific little leaflet, which warns us in gigantic black type that "American Wages Will Be Slaughtered by Oriental and European Competition if Woodrow Wilson, Free-Trader, Is Elected," and immediately proceeds to prove it thus:

American Wages More than Double the Wages Paid in Europe.

American Wages More than Eight Times the Average in Oriental Countries.

Of course the American workingman is expected to shudder at the prospect. But it is just possible that, on recovering from the first shock of the shudder, the American workingman may sufficiently regain control of his mental faculties to notice that, according to this very statement, European wages are about four times as high as Oriental wages. Then he may even go on to recall the familiar fact that the highest of European wages are British wages, and the still more familiar fact that Great Britain is, and has been for seventy years, the home of thoroughgoing free trade. If European wages in general are four times Oriental wages, British wages must be something like five or six times Oriental wages; how can that be, when there is no tariff barrier to keep out the flood from the Orient? What prevents British wages from being "slaughtered by Oriental competition"? If there is something about British conditions, British resources, and British workingmen that accounts for wages in free-trade England being decidedly higher than in protectionist Austria or France, and five or six times as high as in Japan or China, may there not be something about American conditions, American resources, and American workingmen that makes wages in this country what they are, and has nothing to do with the tariff?

Professor Hocking's reply to Professor Münsterberg's defence leaves the latter gentleman in an extremely bad position. The gravamen of the charge against him is that he has been secretly acting the part of an agent of the German Government—a charge that cannot be met by any disquisitions either on the goodness of his own purposes or on the merits of the German cause. Professor Hocking asks Professor Münsterberg to explain the nature of his relation to the German Government, and also to state what he means by certain dark suggestions of a truth that he is withholding because it would be painful for Americans to be told. While waiting for the answer to these inquiries, it is interesting to note a Washington dispatch to the *Christian Science Monitor* which puts Professor Münsterberg's assertion that his letter to the German Chancellor was mistranslated in a ridiculous light. The Professor has not produced the original, but from a photographic copy of it in the *Monitor's* possession it appears that the only two passages cited by him as mistranslated were translated quite correctly. You can't get a better translation for "berauscht" than "intoxicated," nor for "gedrängt" than "pushed"—and moreover little or nothing turned on the precise translation of these words. The most damaging feature of the whole thing, so far as Münsterberg personally is concerned, is the slipperiness which his proceedings betray at every turn.

Expressions of good-will and confessions of error there were in plenty in the course of the Irish debate in the House of Commons on Wednesday of last week. Asquith, Lloyd George, and the new Chief Secretary for Ireland admitted that there had been stupidities of policy in the matter of Irish recruiting, and though the Redmond resolution was voted down by something like three to one, there was no lack of tribute to the sincerity of Redmond's motives or to his future usefulness in the pacification of Ireland. The debate showed, what had been known before, that the bulk of opinion in all parties is for the speediest conciliation of Ireland through a voluntary arrangement between the Irish parties themselves. What is not certain is that the smaller body of fanatics on either side are less in a position to frustrate a pacific settlement now than they were a few months ago. So far as the Irish themselves are concerned, they were apparently ready to make peace then. Redmond and Carson were supposed to have come to terms. The scheme was wrecked by outsiders, by the Lansdowne and Selborne crowd, who were powerful enough, when it came to the final test, to make Lloyd George repudiate in substance the treaty of peace which he had been instrumental in drafting. With all expressions of good-will, the Government declared plainly against the suspension of martial law and the bold policy of introducing Home Rule at once as a sign of trust in the Irish people.

Only now do we get an explicit statement of what the Allied motive has been in its dealings with the Greek Government. London reports that there was an interview between King Constantine and the British Minister at Athens in which "his Majesty insisted on the groundlessness of the suspicion that Greece contemplated an attack on the forces of Gen. Sarrail. As proof of his good faith, the King is said to have declared his readiness to withdraw the Greek forces from Larissa." That this has been the great fear in the Entente camp has been conjectured before this; now we have the confirmation. Let it be recalled how vital a matter to an army is its line of communications, and the mere chance of a Greek attack on Salonica or the lines to the north would be enough to paralyze the activity of Sarrail's army. It is true that the Greek army under present circumstances would be foolhardy to make such an attempt. But if we suppose the battle now under way in Macedonia to turn against the Allies and Sarrail compelled to retreat, even a small hostile force attacking from the rear could do enormous damage; while a bold stroke

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by the Greek forces against Salonica or the rear of the Allied left in Macedonia might precipitate a disaster overshadowing Gallipoli.

The murdered Austrian Premier was throughout his political career a representative of the conservative and land-owning interests. As such he was a leader in the fight against the introduction of universal suffrage in Austria in 1907, in which the most prominent figure on the other side was Victor Adler, leader of the Socialist party and father of the assassin of Count Stuergkh. While the murderer's action may thus be traced to old political enmities, the act in itself seems to be the expression only of a violent and apparently unbalanced personality. The Socialist party, under the direction of Adler, is distinct from the anarchist propaganda with which the younger Adler associated himself and which was combated by his own father. If it were not for the idiosyncrasies of the militant anarchist mentality which so often direct its acts of violence without cause or reason, one might read a political meaning in the assassination. There is certainly enough discontent in Austria to explain the act; but in every country there is an amount of discontent which in ordinary times would seem ominous. The wonder is that during the twenty-seven months in which all Europe has been given over to violence no individual act of the kind should have intervened between the murder of Jaurès and the murder of the Austrian Premier.

When Ambassador Morgenthau places at $5,000,000 the amount needed for destitute Christians in Turkey, the country cannot look upon its gift of $1,250,000 in two days as more than a beginning. Thanks to our Government and the Red Cross, the funds can now be as effectively used as in Belgium. The 300,000 Armenian refugees in territory controlled by the Russians are relieved under the direction of a commission of Americans, which has reinstated many in their old occupations. In Mesopotamia much relief work has to be done in deportation camps, and American Consuls and missionaries are coöperating with the Germans; while in some localities, as Aleppo and Smyrna, Americans are the direct agents of distribution. It is just a year since Bishop Greer, ex-President Eliot, and others interested in the Armenian Relief Fund made public information establishing the full facts in the persecution and deportation of more than a million people from the chief Armenian villayets; with means of relief perfected, before another Armenian winter the people should be out of danger of starvation. The excellent local agencies of solicitation should not be allowed to lapse till the whole sum is raised.

Announcement that the National Negro Business League has started a nation-wide campaign to advertise negro business enterprises, with a view to their better support by colored people, comes at a time when negroes are awaking to a consciousness of increasing economic importance. Since the days of emancipation, the bulk of the race has remained in the South under economic and social conditions which have changed but slowly. The accepted basis of society has kept in the hands of the white man storekeeping and the professions, confining the negro to tenant farming and unskilled labor. Gradually, such schools as Tuskegee, Calhoun, and a host of others have built up an ever-increasing body of men and women skilled in trades and trained to the use of initiative and independent thinking. Fully twenty years ago this force began breaking through the caste system in isolated cases, the process being stimulated by the League founded by the late Booker T. Washington some fifteen years ago. The policy has been twofold, encouraging the individual pioneers by organization and educating the race out of the tradition that only the white man was qualified to engage in trade.

No Northern newspaper could express more complete condemnation of lynching than does the Louisville *Courier-Journal* concerning the lawlessness at Paducah. But it is less intent upon condemning than upon finding a way to prevent such outbreaks. The method it advocates is an "automatic removal" law, by which a jailer, a sheriff, and his deputies would lose their places if they failed to offer due resistance to a mob. The *Courier-Journal* does not think that this would result in clashes between the representatives of the law and citizens bent upon violating it in the name of justice. On the contrary, with such a condition of "preparedness," "the necessity for fighting would not have developed." The sentiment in favor of a law of this kind is manifestly growing in the South. Setbacks such as the one that this legislation had in the last session of the Georgia Legislature may delay, but can hardly defeat it. The seriousness with which the Louisville newspaper views the matter is indicated by its suggestion that every city and town in Kentucky should have a representative to urge the enactment of a removal law at the next meeting of the Legislature: "Prevention of lynching is of such importance to the material interests of the State—to say nothing of the moral duty involved."

Lay reports of medical discoveries are as a rule apt to describe as certain what the investigator puts tentatively and with many reservations. But the reports from Johns Hopkins and also from the Mayo laboratories regarding the studies conducted in poliomyelitis are very positive in asserting that the seat of paralysis has been found. This would simplify the problem of combating the disease. To be sure, even if the official report from Johns Hopkins should confirm the newspaper accounts, there is always the doubt which arises from the consideration whether the new theory has been derived from a sufficiently large number of cases, and whether its conclusions will stand the test under all conditions and in all countries. It will be recalled that in Scandinavia, where the disease has been periodically epidemic, years of investigation have led to no fruitful result, and it seems almost too good to be true that right in the wake of our own visitation a remedy should come into sight. On the other hand, it has been our sorrowful privilege to supply the investigators in the course of a single summer with more cases than other countries have accumulated probably in a decade, so that the objection based on insufficient data has less bearing than usual.

Yale celebrated on Saturday, not her very beginning in the collegiate school at Saybrook, but her budding forth into a college at New Haven and her assumption of the name of the man whose gifts made that growth possible. By the popular device of the pageant she endeavored to represent to the eye her triumphs of two centuries. But the thing for which Yale stands preëminently in the public mind it would not be easy to dramatize. Who will write a morality play centring upon a character bearing the name, Yale Spirit? Yet it is no derogation from the University's scholastic attainments to recognize that it is not her learning so much as this human trait which has impressed the imagination of the country. Other colleges are democratic; other colleges fight to the last ditch. But somehow none of them is regarded as embodying these rather diverse qualities in anything like the degree at which one finds them in the college started by Elihu Yale.

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WILSON, THE COUNTRY, AND WAR.

Many and diverse elements enter into the popular acclaim with which Mr. Wilson has been received on his travels. One factor, however, is constant. It is testified to in countless ways in countless places. Friend and foe alike bear witness to it. Whatever the cries that greet Mr. Wilson, one cry is never absent. He is hailed as "the peace President." In varying phrases, but with a fervor almost religious in all of them, he is thanked and praised for having kept the country out of war.

If proof were lacking of the pervasive nature of this sentiment, it would be supplied by the attitude of the Republicans in presence of it. That it has surprised and disquieted them stands confessed in their tactics. At one time they seek to ridicule the assertion that Wilson "has kept us out of war." At another they minimize it and quibble about it. They deny that he has kept us out of war. They point to acts of war in Mexico, in Haiti, in Santo Domingo, in Nicaragua. Fatuously, they start a series of articles headed "Wilson's Wars." All this is fatuous because it does not touch the hem of the garment of the feeling which the Republicans are endeavoring to counteract. It is the great war, the immense reaction against what is going on in Europe, which alone is in the mind of the people when they thank God that the President has kept us out of war. The rest is but as the small dust in the balance. And when driven to it, the Republican leaders admit this. They do so when they confess to fright at the way in which the passion of the country for peace is helping Wilson, and when, as a last resort, their candidate protests that he would have kept us out of war more surely than Wilson has done it.

That many are both puzzled and disgusted by this display of anti-war sentiment, need not be said. They consider it ignoble. They speak of it as a symptom of national degeneracy. Our physical and moral fibre has decayed, they say. And of the West, where the feeling runs deepest and has its most striking manifestations, they are almost inclined to think that it has ceased to be truly American. That *sordid, fat, contented* West!

Is this resentful attitude a sign of breadth or narrowness? May not those maintaining it merely show that they have lost the ability to interpret their own country? Ours is a large nation. Vast populations are spread over extended territories. It is quite possible that we in the East, or those yonder on the Pacific Coast, are cherishing our own convictions, or prejudices, so ardently that we cannot enter sympathetically into the political emotions of those who dwell where the sceptre of our Empire is passing. It may also be that we are blind to deep-seated phenomena even in our immediate neighborhood. Sometimes an intelligent foreigner has the perspective and the detachment to see what is going on more clearly than a native. Lord Bryce knows the United States as few men can; and in an article contributed by him recently to the *Manchester Guardian* he writes directly to the point under consideration. His aim is to explain to Englishmen why America, despite a great preponderance of sympathy for the cause of the Allies, has refrained from going to war in their behalf. And here are his striking words:

> It is further to be remembered that there is in the United States a much more general horror of war, especially among religious people, than exists anywhere else in the world. They are intensely national, proud beyond measure of their flag, and prompt to resent anything like an insult to it. But their ideals are peaceful rather than military. War *seems to them a wanton thing*, because they have not had the misfortune—the painful experience—to live near formidable and possibly aggressive neighbors. There are, of course, in so vast a population, plenty of adventurous and even bellicose spirits, as everywhere in the world, and if the United States were to join the present war hundreds of thousands of men would offer themselves as volunteers within a fortnight on behalf of what they hold to be the cause of freedom. It is nevertheless true that the proportion of quiet, steady-going, and church-going men and women who support peace societies and hate the very name of war, is far larger in America than in any other country.

Does not this help to explain the enthusiasm of so many God-fearing Americans—our *bourgeois*, if you please—for Woodrow Wilson? And in the light of what we have quoted from Lord Bryce, may it not be true that the President has understood and represented the real desires and aspirations of the majority of his fellow-countrymen better than any of his opponents? Lord Bryce is entirely accurate in putting his finger upon the religious zeal for American pacific ideals. There has been something almost of revival glow in the cries of "God bless you!" which have come from workers on the soil and in the shop, and wives and mothers with tears in their eyes, as President Wilson passed by. It will not do to sneer at this. Any man who stops to think knows that such outbursts of sentiment well from the deepest springs of American character. And if Mr. Wilson has succeeded at once in satisfying the sense of American national honor, and in responding to the intense American love of peace, he has earned the plaudits showered upon him in his campaign journeys.

Much may be forgiven one who has brought out this kind of response from the heart of the people. In Mr. Wilson's case, much needs to be forgiven. The *Nation* neither regrets nor withdraws the criticisms which it has passed upon him. He has been, in many ways, politically unstable. He has been mentally inconsistent. He has done some things to shock the moral sense. But in the supreme testing of the past two years he has met, we believe, the supreme wish of the American people. He has striven to uphold the national dignity and honor. He has striven for peace.

MR. HUGHES AND DIVIDED ALLEGIANCE.

No sensible man needed Mr. Hughes's denial that he had ever made a "promise" to the O'Leary-Teuto-Celt Committee or had in return got from them a pledge of support. He may have been indiscreet in consenting to talk with them, not in the presence of witnesses, though a Presidential candidate has to see many queer fish. Mr. Hughes may not have made it as clear as he should to disloyal Americans that he has no sympathy with their aims or plots. But that anything like a bargain was struck between him and them it is ridiculous to suppose. That they swayed him in his attitude or influenced him in any of his public utterances no one outside of a lunatic asylum—or a party committee—could imagine.

At the same time, the publication of the charges, with promise of more to come on the same subject, drives us back to one of the great mysteries of Mr. Hughes's campaign. Why has he never done what was so confidently expected of him and so positively predicted—set his heel upon the plan to carry an American election by votes based on a predominant loyalty to a foreign nation? In his telegram of acceptance he used words plainly looking that way. "Whether native or naturalized," he said, "of whatever race or creed, we have but one country, and we do not intend to *tolerate any division of allegiance*." But not a syllable so explicit or strong has since escaped Mr. Hughes in public. He has contented himself with what has now become his wearisome formula that he stands firmly for the

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protection of all American rights. Yet he must be perfectly aware that this neither meets the just hopes of his friends nor goes to the heart of the real question. On it the country looked to him for some moving utterance, but has got only a cold form of words.

The explanation of his course in this matter has been hinted at by Mr. Hughes. Various newspaper correspondents have had it from him, though he has never, so far as we know, made it public in a plain statement. The gist of it is this: He expects to be elected President. As President he would have to conduct our relations with Germany. But in that work he would be greatly embarrassed if, as a Presidential candidate, he had used language about the German Government which gave it deep offence. That is the reason why he does not speak about the sinking of the Lusitania as a brutal and lawless massacre. He has to be guarded now in order not to be hampered later. Mr. Hughes may have in mind such an instance of indiscretion on the part of a man out of office as was once seen in Gladstone's career. In the course of his Midlothian campaign on the Bulgarian massacres and the whole question of the Near East, he allowed himself to characterize the course of Austria in a way which aroused bitter resentment in Vienna. But presently Mr. Gladstone became Prime Minister, and found that his Austrian offence still rankled. Thereupon, in order to restore good feeling, he had to withdraw his "painful and wounding" words, and to explain that they had been uttered when he was in a position of "greater freedom but of less responsibility."

The principle is perfectly sound. A President—or a possible President—should not rashly embroil himself with a foreign Government. And so far as Mr. Hughes has been acting simply with this idea in his mind, small blame can attach to him. But is he not to be blamed for not seeing—or not acting as if he saw—that what he is confronted with is not at all a question of delicate foreign complications, but first and foremost a domestic question reaching deep into our political life? Nobody wants Mr. Hughes to insult Germany. Nobody asks him to speak ill of the Kaiser or his Government. But his view has been urgently sought, his indignation has been invoked, concerning a group of American citizens who are scheming to elect a President as a triumph for foreign sympathies. This is the divided allegiance which Mr. Hughes began by saying that he would not tolerate. It has since been flaunting itself in the face of the nation, and not one whisper of rebuke for it has come from Charles E. Hughes. The spirit of it has again and again been displayed. No person is ignorant of what it means. It was unblushingly avowed not long ago by one German-American who speaks for many, in these words: "We must defeat the President who is now in power and who insulted us; and then after four years defeat the newly elected candidate should he insult us in like manner." He added: "*German blows* have more than once restored sound reasoning in the minds of fanatic politicians in this country."

About this there can be no possible mistake. It is sheer alienism. It is a foreign conspiracy hatched on American soil. With our international relations it has nothing to do directly. But it is a burning domestic issue, touching closely the American sense both of decency and of safety. Yet the candidate who has had so much to say about "firmness" and never yielding to force, has kept absolutely silent about it! We still have no fulfilment of the assurance that the first thing Hughes would do would be so to smash the Hyphen that it would never dare to show its head again in American politics.

"PROSPERITY" AND THE CAMPAIGN.

From the beginning of this Presidential campaign it was evident that the Republican party would be handicapped by the great prosperity of the country. The tactical advantage possessed under such circumstances by the party in power has always been recognized in advance, and usually proved in the result. Other and larger political considerations might supersede it, but they could never wholly remove it.

Mr. Hughes has met this "prosperity issue" in two ways—by arguing that existing conditions are temporary, precarious, and unsound, and by reverting to the lack of prosperity before the war began, but during the Wilson Administration. On the first point, he has set forth in his Missouri speeches and elsewhere that "we are under the unhealthy stimulus of the European war"; that "our present prosperity is built on sand"; that when the war is over, our manufacturers will have to compete with production "more skilful, more intelligent, better organized in every one of the foreign nations now at war than it has ever been before." As to his second point, Mr. Hughes argued in his speech of acceptance that, "under the new tariff prior to outbreak of the war," "production had decreased, business was languishing, new enterprises were not undertaken." In New York city, "over 300,000 were out of work." Labor commissioners were everywhere busy with plans of relief.

Needless to say, the conclusions drawn by Mr. Hughes and other Republican speakers are, first, that the conditions described as prevalent just before the war were a direct result of the Democratic tariff, and secondly, that equally deplorable conditions will prevail when the war is over, unless the Republican party reconstructs the tariff on its own familiar lines. Always, however, the natural purpose stands out of persuading the voter that he has no right to give the party in power any credit for the conditions of to-day.

As a matter of pure logic, we shall not quarrel with the last position. We greatly doubt the political influence of the argument; but nevertheless, whether with or without a European war, we are inclined to think that the assumption of good times as somehow the personal achievement of the party in power is no more convincing in the present case than it was, say, at the time when the Republican party itself appropriated the credit for the prosperity of 1900. Prosperity is caused by other influences than occupants of the White House and majorities in Congress. But the same thing is true of adversity, and the specific claims of Mr. Hughes and his party, as to conditions before and after the war, need a little closer examination.

That industrial depression did prevail during a series of months before the war began, is an undoubted fact. It is also true that the Underwood tariff was enacted in October, 1913. Such major and minor premises are sufficient for stump speakers; but serious inquirers will ask if anything else than tariff legislation existed as a possible influence. The review of 1913 by the *Financial Chronicle* contained a summary of such influences. It comprised "material reduction in the agricultural yield," due to "one of the worst droughts in the country's history"; the "unexpected prolongation of the war in Southeastern Europe," through which "a crisis in the relations of the great Powers seemed imminent"; large gold exports, caused "more by European necessities than by the current rates of exchange"; consequent deficit in bank reserves, and high money rates; severe depression in the railway industry, and unusual difficulty in floating new securities, either by railways or by municipalities.

Evidently, 1913 was an unlucky year for

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the United States, and it was quite as unfavorable in Europe, whose financial markets in fact were even more depressed than our own. The question may reasonably be asked, therefore, whether the Wilson Administration and the Tariff law were the cause, as Mr. Hughes pretty clearly intimates, of the whole unpleasant situation. The sober historical investigator would dismiss the supposition as absurd. We know to-day, as we only vaguely and occasionally apprehended at the time, that the primary influence under which financial confidence and business activity were replaced by a period of hesitancy and profound depression, was the impending calamity of the general European war.

The argument that (unless the Republican party is returned to power) the American prosperity of to-day will be replaced by another season of adversity, is a different question in so far as it rests, unlike the question regarding 1913, on conjecture and not on ascertained facts. Nobody denies the existence of much that is accidental, ephemeral, and perhaps precarious, in particular phases of our war-time prosperity. The problem what will be the economic conditions created in Europe and America by the ending of the war, is exceedingly obscure.

But when a campaign orator undertakes to tell us exactly what is bound to be the nature of that situation, the most that can be said is that he either knows more than the most experienced financiers and economists, or else is merely pretending that he does.

STAGE LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

In the choice of a profession there are two things which the fledgling must keep in mind. In the first place, he must have a natural aptitude for the work he selects. In the second place, he must remember that high success in every profession has frequently been won by sheer perseverance in the face of apparently insurmountable handicaps. How the first proposition may be reconciled with the second we do not presume to say. But there is the fact. No book of advice on choosing a profession is complete without the double-headed argument. Would you go in for aviation? You must obviously have perfect health, exceptional nervous and muscular coördination, physical courage, and the ability to think fast. Yet it is a fact that John Smith, who holds the record for altitude in a monoplane, is a semi-invalid with very poor eyesight and a wooden leg. Would you be an orator? Then you must have voice and presence. Only, remember that Robespierre had a thin, dry voice, and Alexander H. Stephens was a dwarf. Would you be an actor? "The one essential and indispensable thing," says Mr. Belasco in his foreword to Arthur Hornblow's "Training for the Stage" (Lippincott), "is not to enter upon the career because you want to do so, but because you are fitted to do so." And Mr. Hornblow himself tells us further on in the book that nothing is of greater value to the actor than the possession of a good voice and the knowledge how to use it. Would you have the proof? Here it is. A phonetically spelled version of Henry Irving's delivery of Shylock's speech to Antonio would read as follows:

Wa thane, ett no eperes
Ah! um! yo ned 'elp
Ough! Ough! Gaw to thane! Ha! um!
Yo, com'n say
Ah! Shilok, um! ouch! we wode hev moanies.

One well-known actress is a very serious offender against the laws of good elocution. What a dismal failure Henry Irving and Mrs. Fiske have made in their profession is notorious.

It is with the stage as with every other career. First, go to the vocational training expert to be examined for natural ability, and then, if you insist on being an actor, lose the prescription. It is the same with the profits which it offers. If the call of the blood will not be denied, you can think of the stars who draw larger salaries than President Wilson and own a much larger number of automobiles. But if it is a matter of cool calculation, the prospect is not so dazzling. The average leading man in a Broadway production receives $250 a week for perhaps thirty-five weeks in the year. The leading juvenile, engaged at $150 a week, will net a little over $5,000 for the same length of season, or less than $4,000 for a season of twenty-five weeks, which is the fairer average. With the actor's personality and ability, thinks Mr. Hornblow, he could probably command more in almost any other profession. But this again is the pessimism, or optimism, which makes any other profession but one's own the most desirable to the average practitioner. The drain on the actor's income is heavy. Expensive tastes are forced upon him when he is at work, and are hard to throw off when he is idle. In 1915, the writer estimates, there were 40,000 persons in the United States engaged in the "show" business. In that year the applications for relief to the Actors' Fund averaged 200 a week, or 10,000 for the year. One in four asking for charity! It is probably a higher casualty-rate than any other occupation can show.

What is the reason for this sad state of affairs? Mr. Seymour Hicks has given it in "Twenty-four Years of an Actor's Life." It is at the same time a reason and a rejoinder:

> Is the stage the only profession which is appalling for its failures? Are not all professions equally so for the failures that are necessarily in them? No; for the morass to which that will-o'-the-wisp, the footlights, leads on its victims is one, perhaps, which has no equal. Men may throw aside the sword for the barrister's wig, the literary career for that of the mining expert, the position of a younger son at home for the Church militant abroad. But once let a man hear a round of applause for an individual effort, let him have stood for one short hour in the full glare of the limelight, and nothing on earth will make him give up the calling which he thinks has been his since the hour of his birth.

A hard life, but *the* life! The run on the Actors' Fund may be heavy, the rank and file of the profession may find it necessary to affiliate with the American Federation of Labor, but there is compensation. *M'as-tu vu* is the French slang of an actor—"Have-you-seen-me?" In that phrase is the lure and the reward of an arduous profession.

Foreign Correspondence

THE VENAL PRESS IN ATHENS—THE INCIDENT AT THE FRENCH LEGATION.

By JOHN A. HUYBERS.

ATHENS, September 12.

Those who think only of the Greek language as a vehicle for noble thought would soon be wearied and disgusted by the use to which the modern written language is put by the servile and the sycophant among the writers in the Athenian press of to-day. And where so much falsity of sentiment is expressed, it implies an absence of all real humor. For the presence of humor exposes at once the false in sentiment and the mock heroic.

The ordinary newspaper Greek in the written language has a character of unreality and indefiniteness, it is stilted where it means to be dignified, and lacks in conciseness. The meaning of a whole column in most of the papers could often be given in a paragraph. There is a great deal of husk to a very little kernel and that kernel often not worth the effort to reach it. In strong contrast is the native poetry of the hills and the countryside in the spoken language, where richness of thought and conciseness of diction seem inseparable. Many distichs contain the meaning of a whole poem in two lines of great beauty and strength in thought and feeling, composed by unknown poets, often incapable of reading with any degree of ease the written newspaper Greek.

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The best and ablest newspaper work is to be found in the Liberal press, bearing evidence of earnestness and sincerity. The *Kiryx* contains articles by even Venizelos himself, or inspired by him. As examples of the venal and court newspapers, I give the following: The *Scrip*, an Athenian paper in the court interest, on the departure of the regretted Baron Schenck, whose munificence towards the *Scrip* and other papers of its kind is well known, writes as follows:

Proud and magnanimous towards the vile calumniators and the vile attacks of his caluminators during his stay in Athens, Baron Schenck proudly leaves to-day, surrounded by the honors of the Athenian society that he respected and honored, proud in the service of his country that he served not by abject means, but with noble emulation, probity, and valor.

And those who to cover their own turpitude and corruption attribute to the baron acts of turpitude and shame should recognize that in his person Germany had in Athens only a veritable Phil-Hellene working loyally and nobly to make predominant also in Greece the German spirit and the German ideal.

A liberal Athens paper, in quoting the above from the *Scrip* of September 7, entitles it "Cupboard Love," or literally "Stomach Gratitude," and says it would be interesting to inquire who will continue in the baron's absence to dispense the funds remaining "to make predominant the German ideal." The *Patris* of September 6 asserts that between July 20 and August 20 of this year Baron Schenck received, through one of the Athens banks, the sum of 2,400,000 marks, or 3,000,000 drachmas in Greek money, for the corruption fund.

The day before the Anglo-French fleet arrived the King is reported to have said to one of his entourage, "Recapitulating the events since the beginning of the war and examining my conscience, I have not deviated even for a moment from my duty towards Greece. If I have not always in my thoughts and acts considered the interest of the nation, may God punish me." Considering all the circumstnaces —a fateful wish! But the *Embros*, commenting on these words, says: "In these honorable royal words are mirrored the noblest soul that Greece has seen since the epoch of Codrus and Leonidas." And the *Nea-Hemera*, another court paper, two days after the arrival of the fleet, wrote: "That diplomacy would be imprudent that believed it would be psychologically possible for the Greek people to reflect or decide on any foreign policy, while within it was abased, menaced, terrorized, and struck at in its dearest and most delicate sentiments—its sentiments towards its King."

And here is the *Embros* again, on the occasion of the King's address to the officers of the Eleventh Division. Obedient to orders from Athens they had refused to follow their commander to fight against the Bulgarians. "The virile splendor of the ceremony, the dramatic circumstances which provoked it, the proud and inspired words of the King, falling like thunder and burning like lava and carrying all before them as in a tempest, the emotion which agitated the sovereign, the joy shining in his eyes, the sobs that checked the vibrant voice, the tears welling from his heart, gave the splendor of an inaccessible grandeur and of an incomparable beauty to the occasion."

Small incidents in the present state of nervous terrorism of the public, retold from mouth to mouth, with the usual preface, "they say," which admits of any embellishment, end by assuming such portentous dimensions that it is difficult afterwards, when the facts become known, to reduce the incidents as news to their proportionate size.

Hearing with many alarming details that there had been a manifestation at the French Legation the evening before, I went there on Sunday morning, September 10, to find the garden occupied by a detachment of sailors from the French man-of-war Bruix, and sailors with fixed bayonets at the main entrance on the avenue and the side entrance on the Rue de l'Académie. Greek gendarmes allowed no passers-by on the pavement outside. Finding my way in, I was asked to return at 10 A. M., when one of the secretaries would answer my questions.

At that hour I was fortunate enough to find the Marquis de Rochegude, a French cavalry captain and adjoint de la légation, and hear exactly what had happened. He told me how the evening before, at about 8 o'clock, a party of men, estimated at from twenty-five to forty in number, had rushed past the porter into the garden, shouting under the windows, "Vive le Roi" and "A bas la France." One or more fired their revolvers in the air, and rushing out again made their escape. The guard turned out from the Greek Ministry of War near by, and a contingent of gendarmes on horse and foot soon arrived. The prefect and subprefect afterwards made their appearance. The Ministers of the Entente were holding their evening conference at the French Legation and heard the revolver shots and the shouts of the band of men. One of these gentlemen proposed sending an immediate protest to the president of the Council, Mr. Zaimis, but M. Guillemin said that it was the place of the Greek Government to come to them. Shortly afterwards Mr. Zaimis himself arrived to express his regret at what had happened, and to promise that an immediate inquiry should be held to trace the guilty. It could in no sense be called a popular manifestation against France, and was evidently "a put-up job."

At the very moment I was there, at 10 A.M. Sunday morning, the Ministers of France, Great Britain, and Russia, with Admiral Dartige du Fournet, the commander-in-chief of the Anglo-French fleet, were holding a conference. I heard the Marquis de Rochegude call up the Count Bordari, the Italian Minister, to let him know they were sitting, but he was absent from his Legation.

Following the conference, the three Ministers went to Mr. Zaimis and presented in writing the following demands: The pursuit and punishment of those guilty of the incident; the punishment of those agents in authority who failed to prevent or repress the incident; the immediate closure of the various sections of the Ligue des Réservistes in Athens and the provinces. They demanded an answer the same day. Mr. Zaimis went out to see the King at 3 P. M., at Tatoi, where, after a long conference, the King decided to satisfy the demands made. The men forming these leagues are his special protégés.

A Cabinet council was held on the return of Mr. Zaimis, the other Ministers fully approving the decision taken, and before 8 P. M., the time of delay fixed by the Minister of France, the answer in writing was taken by Mr. Caradjas, chef de cabinet of Mr. Zaimis, to the French Legation that the Greek Government accepted without reserve the demands formulated by the Entente.

The police inquiry has already led to the arrest of several individuals, frequenters of a café opposite the Omonia electric railway station. One Greek from Egypt, Canellopoulos, stated that he and several other men received revolvers from an unknown agent. They engaged to fire these off in the court yard of the French Legation, and on returning their revolvers to the agent were to receive 50 francs apiece. Canellopoulos declares that the other men all received their money, but that he himself received only four francs the following day. The agent and the organization he represented remain as yet undiscovered.

THE NATIONAL DEBT—LORD HALDANE —ZEPPELIN RAIDS—EMPRESS EUGENIE

By SIR HENRY LUCY.

WESTMINSTER, October 7.

During their successive terms of office as Chancellor of the Exchequer, it was the pleased custom of Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George to expatiate upon the reduction in the amount of the national debt effected during the current financial year. Incidentally, they pointed out how great it was by comparison with similar achievement effected by right honorable gentlemen then seated on the Front Opposition Bench. It ran into a few millions and promised, if the rate were maintained, to wipe off the debt in something like half a century. It was a fleabite compared with the gigantic proportions of sums dealt with in the last two years. But it was sound financial policy, and the guardians of the public purse had just reason to be proud of it.

Both ex-Chancellors must think sadly of their painstaking efforts when they tot up the figures of national debt growing day by day at the rate of £5,000,000 sterling. Forty years ago it amounted to £766,415,834, a sum over which Mr. Gladstone gravely shook his head. In the course of twenty-four years it was reduced by something like £140,000,000. In 1889 it touched low-water mark with the figures at £628,021,572. Then came the Boer War, which increased it at a rate that well-ordered minds regarded as spelling bankruptcy. According to a return which has cost the Treasury six months to prepare, it appears that upon the 1st of April the debt had risen to the bewildering figure of £2,140,748,644. Many millions have since been added to the dead weight. The happy termination of the war will put a stop to this unprecedented leakage. But it is clear that generations yet unborn will find themselves hampered with the necessity of paying taxes necessary to meet the charges of this colossal debt.

An important state paper has been prepared at the Foreign Office dealing with the relations of the present Government with Germany during six years preceding the war. It will report not only diplomatic procedure, but will describe preparations for strengthening the military and naval services in view of the increasing inevitableness of hostile action on the part of Germany. It will include fullest detail of the part played throughout by Lord Haldane, more particularly in relation to his historic visit to Berlin, undertaken at the request of his colleagues of the Cabinet. The ex-Secretary of State for War is anxious that the Blue Book should with the least possible delay be placed in the hands of the public. It is probable that this desire will be granted. The issue of the report, whenever it be au-

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thorized, is likely to create a revulsion of feeling in favor of the Minister who, having established a claim on the gratitude of the country which historians are not likely to belittle, was hounded out of office by a discreditable chorus of personal and party spite.

It is, by the way, a curious coincidence that in Germany and England the five men who, on behalf of their respective countries, were most actively engaged in preparation for the war are now relegated to private life. In Germany Moltke and Tirpitz; in England, Lord Haldane, Lord Fisher, and Mr. Winston Churchill, are to-day all out of office.

With characteristic regularity Germany continues the practice of providing its Zeppelin crews with a week-end in England. Just as busy men make a practice of going out of town from Saturday to Monday, so the Zeppelins come over here on a Saturday night (sometimes on a Sunday), having made arrangements to return home on the Monday. In some cases well-laid plans gang agley. The Zeppelin that came down on Sunday night a blazing wreck was the third to suffer the same fate in the course of a month. These raids confirm failure of the avowed intention to create in England a state of frightfulness. At a little town on the south coast, good folks going to bed on Saturday night heard a volley of seven or eight bombs falling near at hand to the westward. It was close upon eleven o'clock, and this was one of the flight of invaders bound for London wasting its substance in the waters of the English Channel.

It may possibly have been the Zeppelin that, successfully reaching the outskirts of the metropolis, crashed down to earth in a blaze of fire; or the other, more fortunate, safely landed in a grass field, affording prized opportunity for the crew of twenty-two to give themselves up as prisoners of war, with prospect of being made comfortable till risk of danger is past. So far from being frightened, the inhabitants of the little Cinque port were as pleased as children condemned to bed at the accustomed hour finding doom postponed by unexpected accident. Also the event exceptionally brightened the Sabbath Day by animated exchange of personal experience. The same spirit animated the population in more crowded districts, where loss of life and some damage to property followed on the wanton scattering of deadly engines of destruction. As usual, the Germans, groping in the dark, uncertain of their whereabouts, but believing that there was a populous place beneath them, dropped bombs upon it.

During his last visit to India Lord Brassey presented to the Government of India his world-famed yacht, the Sunbeam, for hospital purposes. Another yacht of almost equal renown has in a similar spirit been beneficently disposed of. The Empress Eugénie has given her yacht, the Thistle, to the French Government, and it is now doing service as a welcome addition to the French fleet of traders. For many years it has been the solace of the Empress in holiday cruises in the Mediterranean, the English Channel, and on the west coast of Scotland. The yacht was a regular feature in the panorama of Cowes week, where it occasionally found itself within hail of the Kaiser's big pleasure cruiser. Cowes had no "week" last year, nor had it any last August, a circumstance it owes to its honored visitor now in trouble on the Somme and elsewhere.

I have vivid recollection of a pretty scene which took place at Cowes ten years ago, being one of the last occasions when King Edward paid his annual visit. The yacht on which I was among the guests chanced to be anchored close by the Victoria and Albert. At a few cables' length distant was the Thistle. On a Sunday morning King Edward and Queen Alexandra proceeded after service on the Victoria and Albert to pay a farewell visit to the Empress, who was leaving in the afternoon. She received their Majesties standing at the head of the gangway. The Queen greeted her with sisterly salute. The King, baring his head, bowed low and kissed her hand, as he had learned to do when as a youth he first made her acquaintance, she being the consort of a reigning monarch. On the previous day the Empress, going ashore and walking through the castle gardens enclosing the clubhouse of the Royal Yacht Squadron, was reminded of a less happy day, precursor of a long period of exile. She came upon Sir John Burgoyne, who thirty-five years earlier, when she was fleeing from the wrath of revolutionary France, gave her a passage in his yacht, and through a stormy sea brought her safely to the haven of a British port.

RESURRECTION OF FRANCE AND BELGIUM—GERMANY'S SERVITUDES.

By STODDARD DEWEY.

PARIS, October 4.

The French Parliament has not waited for the actual dawn of peace to begin legislation making ready for the reconstruction of towns and villages, farms and factories, in regions invaded and still occupied by German armies. And France has given her word that she will not cease her work for peace until Belgium also is restored, whole and entire, to her people. This means a resurrection for vast territories in which all the work of man has been wasted and destroyed, not by war proper, but by the invader's occupation. This means therefore that, when the day of reckoning comes, Germany shall be bound to servitudes that may compensate all this waste she has made. To indemnify she will be unable materially, and the resurrection of the lives she has blotted out is beyond human reach. Yet they, too, leave on her a servitude the bitterest and most enduring of all—the human feelings of aversion and fear that are worse than hate.

This very morning, in the war's third autumn, the voice of these invaded peoples' hatred speaks in published verses of Emile Verhaeren:

'Tis no more the great cry of wondrous love
Such as once peoples sent each other to and fro.
The cry to-day
Is such as, unmeasured, from plain to plain sends
Hate.
—It stirs and multiplies and grows great;
But, spreading there and gathering here,
Over city and forest and river and mountain,
It strikes together thy heart and thy glory, Germany.

Thou hast wished to kill in man the human being
Whom God, almost trembling, made with His hands
To be the world's ornament and brightness;
His eyes whose light was honest and deep
Thou hast taught to burn in thy spying,
And hast slipped infamous lying between his teeth
And his tongue is become treacherous, steeled at the
point;
Thou hast turned his arms from sacred tasks
And skilled them in trades of death;
Thou hast adulterated man both in his soul and his
body,
Watching him always that never strength,
Upright and proud, should enter triumphant his breast
And lift his freed brow to heaven;
Thou hast brought him low beneath thy cunning hands,
And been happy to be so dismal and terrible;
Honor and oaths were shaken out through thy sieve;
The gold of their grain was lost in dust;
Thou hast brought out of God evil organized
And, little by little, the evil has composed a prayer
Which thy red emperor hawks over earth
To seduce, to deceive the popes and the kings.
Germany, Germany,
Horror from all sides is growing around thee,
Surrounding thee even as a ring of mountains
That live and draw near
And from dawn to the nightfall, from evening to
dawning,
Ring thee about and fall down on thee.
Yet though men do curse thee, even so it is less
For all the bloodshed in the crimes of thy madness
Than because thou hast thought as a monster.
O Cry,
Here resounding
So tragic to-day,
Measureless thou mayst run on from plain unto plain—
For thou art just, O cry,
Though thou art hate.

Germany has more material servitudes to face than the hatred of peoples; and perhaps, in her materialism, she cares more for them. They must be reckoned as all compensations are—in proportion to the losses. What the work of reconstruction must be in France alone may be estimated from the condition of the devastated departments before the war. Deputy Desplas, who reports the measures proposed this week by Government to Parliament, gives figures.

The invaded departments furnished one-quarter of France's wheat production and 87 per cent. of her production of beetroot sugar. They had one-fifth of the factories and houses of France, if you leave out of the count Paris and its immediate surroundings. The rental value of the factory constructions was 38 per cent. of that of all France and the rent of the houses 23 per cent. Of the total consumption of coal—the vital necessity of all industry—six of these invaded departments had 41 per cent., not counting that of the through railway lines. Of steam engines working in all France, the same six departments had 37 per cent. And, while 56 departments of France have been slowly decreasing in population, 7 of the 10 invaded departments had a steadily increasing population.

What is left now of all this industrial pride of France after two years of war? And what will be left after all the years of this war are over? I do not speak of the edge of war which, all along the frontier of trenches, is but one strip of wasted human habitations. Cities from Ypres to Arras and Rheims, from Soissons to Verdun, scarcely exist longer. Great towns are but ruined walls, while villages and farms are levelled to the ground. Or, if something yet stands upright, new campaigns of coming winter and springtime, with what is left of this autumn, will finish it. Now this is only the wall of fire with which war hides what has been already laid waste behind it—the waste of German occupation which is called military order and peace.

Methodically, with organized efficiency, as is his wont and pride, the invading enemy has exploited all this land and all that in it is—to his own uses. What shall be left for the owners when they come into their own again?

First, in factories and warehouses, manufactured objects were taken, and next the stocks of raw material—woollens alone at Roubaix to the amount of $60,000,000. Then machines and tools of every price were conscientiously carted away. Even the soil, par-

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celled out among numberless families to whose labor and thrift it yielded support and well-being, has not escaped. Without regard for limits of property, the German has forcibly removed his neighbor's landmarks and turned all into one immense field ploughed and harrowed by steam or mechanical motor—but for himself, not for the owners. Where this is not practicable, little fields cultivated by loving hands from ancient date have been left to go to waste. Boys and girls, young men and women—the children of those whose fields these were—have been carried away, their stricken families know not where, in the invader's service. And those who are too old or too ill to work are being gradually pushed beyond the war frontier, to rejoin previous refugees whom the charity of France must keep alive—since they are her plundered children—and to leave the invader unburdened by them in his occupation.

Many see in this German policy, so ruthlessly followed towards men and things, not so much the hope of permanent conquest as the desire to be rid of its victims. There was a foolish, unforeseeing English historian who went about in that other war of 1870 between Germany and France, crying aloud—*Gallia est delenda.* His Latin, poorly repeating Cato's demand that Carthage be destroyed, sums up the policy of Germany towards both France and Belgium—and it gives the measure of the servitudes which must weigh on Germany until reconstruction shall equal the destruction which has been made so wantonly. Parliament has this week heeded the words of Minister Viviani: "It is the higher interest of France to come to the aid of the ten departments which, by their sufferings, are the symbol of her race." The member of Parliament who reported the law gave the conclusion: "We shall show the world there is something stronger than German barbarity—it is French vitality and generosity."

Notes from the Capital

SIMON WOLF.

On Saturday of this week one of Washington's most respected citizens will celebrate his eightieth birthday; and it is safe to say that no friend who offers him the customary congratulations will be in a livelier mood than he, for, in spite of the busy life he has led, Simon Wolf is old only in years. Lawyer, author, philanthropist, public servant, and foremost Hebrew in this part of the country, what has made him a man of such importance is largely his breadth of vision and interest. Every humane movement has his cordial support, his sympathies drawing no line of creed or nationality, except that, though a Bavarian by birth, he is unqualified in his devotion to the country of his adoption. "There are many Jews," he says, "who are still seeking the New Jerusalem; but, being an American first, last, and all the time, I must admit that I have found my Jerusalem in America, and I feel that every Jew who lands on our shores must realize that here his highest hopes and ambitions will find their materialization."

At the outbreak of the Civil War, Wolf offered himself to the Union army, but was rejected for defective eyesight. Then, having acquired a knowledge of law, he applied for a position in the War Department. Secretary Stanton dissuaded him, however, and he settled down to private practice. His activities in Washington enabled him to get glimpses of what was going on behind the scenes during the impeachment of President Johnson, and he has made literary use of the material thus gathered. President Grant appointed him Recorder of Deeds of the District of Columbia, and the last commission signed by President Garfield made him Consul-General at Cairo, Egypt, where some of his duties were practically diplomatic at a critical juncture. Ismail the Magnificent had been deposed by England and France after he had fastened a tremendous burden of taxation upon the common people, many of whom were organizing a revolutionary movement designed to rid the country of foreign influence. Wolf was sitting in front of Shepherd's Hotel one evening, sipping his after-dinner coffee, when an English acquaintance, obviously in a state of agitation, approached him, inquiring in an excited whisper: "Have you heard the news, Mr. Consul-General? There is to be a general rising to-night, and every European and Christian in the city is to be murdered!"

Wolf took another sip of coffee, but made no response, apparently listening for anything further his visitor might have to say.

"Don't you hear me?" persisted the latter, growing more emphatic in the face of what seemed to him the hopeless dulness of a man he was trying to help. "Don't you hear me? I tell you, the fanatics are planning to-night to kill every European and Christian in Cairo!"

"Oh, yes, I hear you," responded Wolf coolly, without setting down his cup. "I'm certainly obliged to you for the news, but I can't see how it affects me, for I am an American and an Israelite."

Among other benevolent associations with which Simon Wolf has been connected is an Anti-Defamation League. He feels that the slanderous or ridiculous lights in which the Hebrew race has been set before the world in books, plays, newspaper articles, and cartoons, not only are a moral injustice, but increase the difficulties of good citizenship for the race, keeping alive a prejudice which would die out if left without such encouragement, and stimulating in the Hebrew whatever inclination he has to separate himself from his Gentile neighbors; all this creating an unwholesome atmosphere for later generations to grow up in. The future of his people Mr. Wolf regards as assured if the forces now working for its benefit are but allowed their natural play. The recognition of Hebrew heroism in the armies of Europe during the present war appears to him to portend an extension of political rights in countries where these have been hitherto grievously restricted, but in Russia he fears that persecutions will not cease entirely till an end is made of the authority now exercised by the Greek Church in governmental affairs.

A few years ago Mr. Wolf took a leading part in a movement which prevented the insertion into the State Constitution of North Carolina of a provision making compulsory the reading of the Bible in the public schools. "The Bible is a good book to be read by every one," he said, in explanation of his position, "but the danger of forcing its reading in the schools is that the teachers will read their own interpretation of the book, and not the book itself." This objection was not based on any spirit of religious animosity, for he is one of the liberal Jews who revere Jesus as a great teacher.

Of a considerable collection of relics of travel and acquaintance which he has accumulated, he cherishes perhaps most highly a birthday letter written him by John Hay ten years ago, congratulating him "not only upon seventy years of well-spent life, but also upon the mental, moral, and physical soundness and vigor which are the guarantee of many more years of usefulness to the country and humanity at large." It is such tributes to age and experience, from men whose knowledge of the world gives their judgment value, which sharpen Mr. Wolf's regret at the lack of respect manifested by the young people of the present day for their elders, and his wish that some means could be devised for changing their attitude of mind. "This seems to me a serious matter," he says, "because the fault goes hand-in-hand with the lack of concentration noticeable among our youth. They do not seem to fix their thoughts and energies upon any one thing as they ought, but let them scatter in many different directions."

And with this comment, probably, not a few other observers of the life of our time will heartily agree. TATTLER.

The "Three" Candidates

BY AN INDEPENDENT VOTER.

Not enough has been made of the fact that this year, precisely as in 1912, the voter has got to make his choice among three candidates for the Presidential election: Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Hughes, and Mr. Wilson. It is true that Mr. Roosevelt has agreed at the last day to empty the Progressive till into the Republican coffers; but at the present moment he is trading with his own stock, advertising only his own goods, and, to all intents and purposes, running a quite independent shop. At the present moment, then, the situation of 1912 is repeated, with Mr. Hughes substituted for Mr. Taft, and with Mr. Roosevelt, as ever, the most conspicuous candidate in the field, having, no doubt, as he reviews in many thousands of words the splendid achievements of his own Administration and the contemptible failures of every one else—having, no doubt, "the time of his life." To guide us in our choice among these three men we have had their acts and their speeches. We have had also four rather notable reviews of the present Administration: that by Mr. Eliot in the *Atlantic Monthly*, that by Mr. Olney in the New York *World*, that by Mr. Taft in the *Yale Review*, and Mr. Root's speech in Carnegie Hall. There is enough of the judicial temper exhibited in the summaries of Mr. Eliot and Mr. Olney to make their judgments of weight in the independent mind. Mr. Taft, Mr. Root, and Mr. Hughes all speak in the spirit of prosecuting attorneys for the Republican party. Mr. Roosevelt, as usual, is unique; he speaks in the spirit of Cicero against Catiline. When the independent voter has listened to all the arguments and summaries of arguments, his mind reverts irresistibly to the three candidates for a fresh impression of those personal qualities which, in their totality, somehow escape the reckoning, yet for him, in a doubtful case, turn the scale. Mr. Wilson's faith in the Democrats and Mr. Root's holy enthusiasm for the Republicans leave him cool. What he

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wants to know is, who in the next four years is the best man to lead the nation. I submit for consideration the result of such a reversion to the three candidates.

Mr. Roosevelt is a barbarian of genius, with a natural tendency towards that bull-headed national egotism which threatens the destruction of Germany. He has shown his genius in the last four years by putting himself at the head of three great movements. He has shown his barbarism by esteeming these movements as nothing in comparison with being at the head of them. Like a genius, he put himself at the head of a movement for social progress; like a roving barbarian, he abandoned the movement to Mr. Wilson. Like a genius, he put himself at the head of a movement for "preparedness"; like a barbarian, he urged "preparedness" in support of the essentially aggressive foreign policy which has wrecked Europe; and so Mr. Wilson and the American people took "preparedness" out of his hands, and Mr. Wilson kept his own foreign policy. Like a genius, a spendthrift genius, a poverty-stricken genius, yet still like a genius, he put himself at the head of the movement called "Anything to beat Wilson"; and like a barbarian he has led it. Mr. Roosevelt has quick sympathies, imagination, passion, initiative, and driving energy. These qualities may be possessed by a healthy barbarian of genius. His speeches and his books are full of these qualities, and, in their kind, they are good reading. They seem to mean what they say, and to mean it hard—at least for the moment. They have, in general, no intellectual distinction whatever—intellectual distinction is not a barbaric quality; but they have the distinction given by strong passion and driving energy. "The actual grapple with an angry grisly," says the Wilderness Hunter, "is full of strong, eager pleasure." That healthy barbaric spirit Mr. Roosevelt carries into politics; and it gives him genuine distinction. All that he says about the uses of the "big stick" comes straight from the hot heart of the man. He has not merely the courage of his convictions; he has also the heat and glow of them. I can understand a desire to vote for Mr. Roosevelt. He is the genius of the Republican party—the genius rejected by the Republican party. So far as there is any soul in that vast bulk of which Mr. Penrose and Mr. Barnes and Mr. Perkins are the hands and feet, Mr. Roosevelt expresses it. Mr. Root, trying to express its soul, calling for the heroic mood and a high tariff and rebaptism in blood to save the American people from the fat ease of Democratic prosperity—Mr. Root in *this* rôle is surely funny—funny, of course, in a very elevated and decorous way. No; Mr. Roosevelt is the "spirit of God" roving in the purlieus of the Republican party; and, if I were a believer, as he is, in what a *Nation* reviewer has called "the tribal Jehovah," I should vote for Mr. Roosevelt. If I thought that the country needed at this hour to be led by a man without much intellectual distinction, yet greatly distinguished by passion and driving energy, a barbarian of genius—I should vote for Mr. Roosevelt. But here, for the "spiritually" minded element in the Republican party, is a tragic matter: Mr. Roosevelt has "sold out." Mr. Roosevelt can coin fine hot words about the "heroic mood," but he has not now and will not have later the power to give them effect. The power, if his own wishes are fulfilled, will lie in the hands of a man of utterly different temper.

Mr. Hughes, regret it as one may, has revealed himself since his nomination as little more than a legalistic hyphen between Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Wilson. Mr. Hughes, as all men admit, is upright, intelligent, energetic, and "firm as a rock"; but he gives no token of possessing genius of *any* description. All that his sponsors, even, ask us to believe is that he is firm as a rock, energetic, intelligent, and upright. He is, like Mr. Taft, an able legalistic critic of the issues created by other men. His speech of acceptance was a deadly blow to the expectation with which his advent in national politics had been awaited; and nothing that he has said since has dispelled the impression of high intellectual and emotional mediocrity which it produced. His energy is strong, but colorless; his intelligence is vigorous, but it lacks flexibility; his uprightness is admirable, but it is unimaginative. Nothing could be more uninspiring than his nagging prosecution of the Administration; the effect is of a Roosevelt without passion and with only a modicum of conviction. His sympathies appear to be sluggish, his words are without the glow of sincerity, he opens no vistas, he betrays no spark of shaping and creative energy or imagination. He never says anything vulgar, but he never says anything fine; and one guesses that, though he will never do anything base, he will never do anything splendid. He hasn't the source of splendor in him; he has no genius. He is not a great and many-talented barbarian like Mr. Roosevelt; he is an entirely respectable and competent civilian like Mr. Taft and Mr. McKinley; and if he is elected, he will have just about as much influence upon the tone and temper of our national life as Mr. McKinley and Mr. Taft had. If I thought the country most needed at this hour an unimaginative business administration, making things as "shipshape" as possible, yet keeping them about as they are, I should vote for Mr. Hughes and the Old Guard. But I have a strong conviction that what the country most needs is a man of utterly different temper.

Mr. Wilson is a civilian of genius inspired by and inspiring others by his great and splendid vision of a democratized and a civilized world. He is not to be compared with Mr. Hughes; by virtue of his genius he is to be compared with Mr. Roosevelt. His sympathies are as quick as Mr. Roosevelt's, his imagination as active, his passion as strong, his initiative as unquestionable, his driving energy as undeniable—let stand as witnesses of that the coherent, disciplined phalanx which he has made of that wandering unfed multitude the Democratic party and the programme of legislation which it has carried out. What sets him apart and distinguishes him as a genius from Mr. Roosevelt is his profound civility—the modernity of the "Spirit of God" which he represents. Mr. Roosevelt's peculiar excellence is in his energy and passion; Mr. Wilson's peculiar excellence is in his intelligence and his reasonableness. While the temper of Mr. Roosevelt, as Professor Münsterberg has suggested, is akin to that of the Kaiser, Mr. Wilson's temper is akin to that of Englishmen like Lord Bryce and the best statesmen of France. Mr. Roosevelt appeals to force and sends the fleet; Mr. Wilson appeals to reason and sends a note—which is after all the really civilized mode of getting one's ideas of right and justice before the world. Incidentally, Mr. Wilson's notes and speeches are almost invariably so humane in feeling, so persuasive in manner, so distinguished in style, as to excite Mr. Roosevelt's envy and his barbaric spleen; and he has accordingly done what in him lay to convince the American people that a President who writes well, who writes with real intellectual distinction, must be a rascal. Indeed, at every point where Mr. Wilson has, often heroically, demonstrated his superior civility, Mr. Roosevelt has danced and shouted with his war paint on.

Possibly Mr. Wilson uttered his "too proud to fight" at an inopportune moment. Mr. Roosevelt with barbaric delight snatched the phrase out of its context, and repeated it from one end of the country to the other as something to bring a blush of shame to every American cheek. Well, in the opinion of a good many decent people, whose number is certainly increasing, "too proud to fight" is precisely the keynote of a civilized foreign policy for a great and powerful state to adopt towards small and "backward" nations. It was not the foreign policy of Rome or of Great Britain or, avowedly, of the United States, in the past. None of the great nations of the world has in the past been too proud to fight for the merchant-missionaries of its empire in any nook or corner of the world. But, some of us are saying, would to God that Austria had been too proud of her strength and superior civilization to fight with Servia; would to God that Germany had been too proud of her strength and immensely superior army to fight with Belgium; and thank God—we know how poltroonish these words will sound in the barbaric ear—thank God that Mr. Wilson was too proud of the superior strength and civilization of the United States to fight with Mexico. A "firmly" maintained foreign policy of insisting upon one's own desires, one's own needs, or even upon one's own interpretation of law and justice, will always necessitate preparedness to "fight at the drop of the hat." To the sense of a barbarian or of an old-fashioned statesman, a foreign policy which is truly civilized and truly democratic, a foreign policy, that is, which recognizes the democratic equality and fraternity of nations, and the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness in other nations, *must* appear "vacillating." The policy upheld by Mr. Roosevelt and the Elder Statesman is this: Ask for what you want, and, if you don't get it, tell your man that you will knock him down; if you still don't get it, knock him down, or—and it doesn't always come to the same thing!—*try* to knock him down. The policy upheld by Mr. Wilson appears to be this: Ask for what you want, and, if you don't get it, reason with your man; if you still don't get it, reason with him again, study his point of view, apply economic pressure, but, till you are driven to the very last ditch of argument, don't lose your temper and go at him with a barbaric club, beating out his brains and yours as well.

The example of Mr. Wilson's heroic reasonableness in international relations of extremely trying character has had, in the opinion of many of us, an immensely salutary influence upon the tone and temper of the American people. It has made them not, as Mr. Roosevelt declares, languid and indifferent and unmanly "pacifists," but honest lovers of the ways and means of civilized life. In the era of reconstruction, which all the leaders assure us is to follow the great war, the silvery Beveridge may pull on his American overalls (Amerika über Alles), and "coin," as the two-complexioned Chicago *Tribune* says, his "slogan," "America Only"; but there are a

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good many signs in the air that Mr. Beveridge and his kind will not be very much in demand in the work of reconstruction. The reconstructive hands that are reaching out in England and France and even in Germany to-day are weary of the old barbaric national egotism; they are feeling for the hands of a civilian of genius with a sense of the democracy of nations, with a great and splendid vision of a civilized world. Those who wish these reconstructive hands in Europe to clasp with the hands of the President of the United States will vote for Mr. Wilson.

Correspondence

FOLLOWERS OF FREUD AND JUNG.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: That there will be found in the end to be something of interest in the views of human nature which the followers of Freud and Jung are now erecting into an uncanny religion it is not necessary at this time to deny; it is possible that more stress should be laid than has hitherto been done upon such conceptions as the persistent activity of motives that have supposedly been suppressed and eliminated, the continuity of adult thoughts and feelings with those of the infantile individual, and the activity of the sex motive beyond its special field. But there is no question that Freud and his followers overwork these concepts to an enormous degree, and by failing to take account of countless other motives and mechanisms in mental life produce a wholly one-sided psychology. They accept Freudism as a religion; they will not admit any qualification to the least of its tenets, and scarcely any limitation to its scope and usefulness in understanding human activity in all fields, from myth to agriculture. Thus Jung finds it impossible to conceive of any impulse strong enough to awaken man from his apathy to the extent of enabling him to invent a plough or a means of making fire, except *libido*, which it should be noted, though broadly defined, remains after all the same old *libido*. A recent writer has proposed the theory that Socrates, so far from being animated by a mere zeal for seeing ideas sprout in the minds of the young men with whom he consorted, must have been driven by a deeper and more potent, though probably unconscious motive—namely, the implication is, by a homosexual tendency, which thus expressed itself in a sublimated form. Another finds that "Hamlet" is the expression of Shakespeare's assumed incestuous inclination towards his own mother. And so it goes: every conspicuous product of human invention in literature, art, or industry is made on "analysis" to give up the same secret.

It is impossible to reason with a stanch Freudian, for, once any human activity or product has been interpreted according to Freudian principles, that settles the matter for him; no other interpretation can get a hearing. But there is no human activity or product whatever which can not be "interpreted" by these same Freudian principles. For example, my use, just now, of the expression "Freudian principles" seems an obvious enough act on my part, given the context; but let me apply the method of "free association" to these words, as Freud would have me do if there were anything suspicious about them. I then get, starting from "Freudian," first the name "Freud" itself, then the German "Freude," meaning "joy," then a phrase in Wagner's Siegfried, "froh und freudig," which reminds me instantly of Nietzsche and his "blonde beast," who ruthlessly gets what he wants. Next I get the Greek word ὕβρις, "hybris," meaning again a ruthless getting what you want, and then the English derivative "hybrid," which brings to mind irregular sexual relations—enough said! Again, when I start my train of associations with the word "principles," I immediately get Machiavelli's "Prince," and land once more in ruthlessness. The juxtaposition of two such *meaningful* words as "Freudian" and "principles" is thus extremely suspicious, and leads to the conclusion that my choice of words was not dictated simply by a desire to express my overt meaning, but that the Unconscious in me was thus giving expression to a deep-seated wish, repressed by force of circumstances, for a career of unbridled lust. If I were to go back again with the idea in mind that the "instinct of self-preservation" instead of that of sex was the possible underlying motive, I might get the following series: "Freud, Ford, $60,000,000 made by the Ford Company in a year, like to have a share in that sum"; and, from "principles," the Crown Prince, hope that he will be defeated, desire that he and his line should be retired to private life. These two trains of association, like the former two, show a tendency to converge, the meeting-point here being my cupidity and envy, which is indicated as being the underlying cause of my choice of words. I do not say, of course, that the Freudians would accept these particular conclusions. They avoid applying their method to cases where it would lead to obviously absurd conclusions, confining themselves to cases where the causes at work in producing an act are obscure. But what I do say is that it ought logically to be applied to such cases as the above as well as to those that the Freudians choose; and that if it is applied impartially, it gives as many absurd as probable conclusions, and, in fact, a great many more, since one can be practically sure of getting results as nonsensical as the above from the Freudian analysis of any human act or product whatsoever. The cases which I have given are not in the least an exaggeration of the Freudian procedure, and they constitute a plain *reductio ad absurdum* of the Freudian method as a method of scientific discovery. It would have seemed incredible, before the event, that apparently sane individuals should be persuaded to take seriously such irresponsible vagaries as these.

R. S. Woodworth.

Columbia University, October 13.

SUMNER'S ESSAYS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The Yale Press plans to issue in the near future a fourth and concluding volume of essays by the late William Graham Sumner. It is intended to include in this volume chiefly essays in the field of economics, and also as full a bibliography of Sumner's writings as can be got together. As Sumner kept no list, apparently, of his own writings, it is almost impossible to make an exhaustive collection or bibliography. He often contributed to newspapers and magazines the contents of which are not indexed in available form.

Will you allow me, through your columns, to request suggestions of essays or shorter writings for inclusion in this last volume? I have frequently been urged, during the last years, not to conclude this series of essays without reprinting this and that remembered favorite. It seems that there are a number of people who have cherished certain writings of Professor Sumner which they did not, and we could not, locate, and who have been disappointed that such have not appeared in the preceding volumes. As this enterprise draws to its close, I hope that any such person will make an effort to specify definitely and locate the production which he admires, and let me know about it.

Albert G. Keller.

Yale University, New Haven, Conn., October 15.

FRENCH WOMEN AND PEACE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Will you permit me, as one of the American committee of the International Committee of Women for a Permanent Peace, to say a few words in response to the very interesting letter of Madame de Witt Schlumberger in your issue of October 5?

As so often, the difficulties largely lie, as it seems to me, in a misunderstanding or rather misunderstandings. In the first place, it certainly is, as Madame Schlumberger contends, a misunderstanding to consider the members of the French section of the International Committee of Women for a Permanent Peace, in their letter reprinted in the supplement to the *Nation* of August 3, as speaking for the women of France. They do not claim to do so any more than the organization as a whole can claim to speak for women as a whole. We doubtless do believe that our tendencies are in some sense and in some degree representative of women at large, but we are also unquestionably in other regards lonely and exceptional pioneers.

Madame Schlumberger herself speaks of that "genuine pacifism which all women ought to profess with almost religious ardor." It is a misunderstanding to suppose that the Women's International Committee for Permanent Peace does not, like those for whom she speaks, desire a peace based on justice and right. The real difference between us is one of opinion as to whether the coming of such a peace is hindered or helped by discussing it in time of war. "This future peace—is it the moment to speak of it? Not one of us thinks so," says Madame Schlumberger. Yet to us others the mere fact of discussing it in common at the Women's Conference at The Hague, eighteen months ago, seems at least a tiny step towards the age when reason and human feeling shall replace war. The presence on one platform of English, Germans, and Belgians, their minds sincerely meeting in a common desire for righteous relations between nations, had a meaning which has cheered hearts broken by the war.

It was peculiarly encouraging that the first national section to be organized after the Hague meeting was organized by French women, from among whom no representatives had been able to get to Holland. This section doubtless represents a small group of women, and stories that their office has been raided confirm what we have guessed of the rare moral courage required to take the unpopular course which these French women have taken. But when have French women failed in moral courage? The difference be-

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tween them and the others is not a difference in the degree of courage, patriotism, and devotion, but a difference in judgment as to what best serves the country and mankind.

Times of war are not favorable to cool judgments or farsighted views. It may be that (as I think) the little group of gallant Frenchwomen who believe in talking of peace while war is in progress—not only in talking of it in general, but in discussing actual terms—will hereafter prove to have been among the wisest as they are among the bravest of the lovers of France.

EMILY GREENE BALCH.

Jamaica Plain, Mass., October 10.

THE ADAMSON BILL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You quote Mr. Hughes (September 14) as follows: "It [the Adamson bill] proceeded to absolutely impose a wage scale, and then to direct that somebody find out whether it had any business to do it." And you comment: "That last sentence is not so bad for a man who is not given to the making of epigrams."

But, though the candidate may have forgotten, the editor ought to know that courts have habitually "proceeded to absolutely impose" a decree, a temporary decree, "and then to direct that somebody," a master in chancery, "find out whether it had any business to do it," and whether it ought to modify it or make it permanent.

If this is a fair characterization of the circumstances attending the Adamson bill, whether or not it is a legitimate method of constructive legislation, and I think most people who do not "sacrifice principles . . . for political expediency" will agree that it is both, then the candidate's epigram appears in its true character—plain, ordinary clap-trap.

As a reader since 1882, I take the liberty of recommending to the editor the old reagent for detecting paste epigrams—the touchstone of truth.

WILLIAM P. MORRISON.

Ashland, Mass., October 20.

[We know of nothing in the habitual procedure of courts that is in the slightest degree analogous to the legislative act which Mr. Hughes attacks. If our correspondent can make out a case for the analogy he sets up, we shall be glad to have him do so.—ED. THE NATION.]

AN APPEAL FOR INFORMATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I should like to ask any of your readers who have information about Milledge Luke Bonham to communicate with me, as I am preparing to write his biography. He was brigade-major in the Florida War (1836); colonel Twelfth United States Infantry in the Mexican War; member of the United States House of Representatives, 1857-60; brigadier in the Confederate army, 1861-2 and 1865; member of the Confederate Congress, 1862; Governor of South Carolina, 1862-4; Railroad Commissioner of South Carolina, 1878-90.

Any information will be gratefully received and properly acknowledged. Particularly do I desire *personalia*. M. L. BONHAM, JR.

Louisiana State University, Baton Rouge, October 9.

Literature

MR. WELLS SEES IT THROUGH.

Mr. Britling Sees It Through. By H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

Mr. Britling is an English author of international reputation and satisfactory royalties, occupying the centre of a rather diffuse but comfortable household at Matchings Easy in the county of Essex. His renown attracts the attention of the Massachusetts Society for the Study of Contemporary Thought, which "had decided," like many similar organizations in America, "not to hunt out the best thought in its merely germinating stages, but to wait until it had emerged and flowered to some trustworthy recognition, and then, rather than toil through recondite and possibly already reconsidered books and writings generally, to offer an impressive fee to the emerged new thinker, and to invite him to come to them and to lecture to them and to have a conference with them, and to tell them simply, competently, and completely at first hand just all that he was about." Mr. Direck, the secretary of the Society, a young man "after the fashion of that clean and pleasant-looking person one sees in the advertisements in American magazines," is sent across the water to negotiate with the English celebrity. Detained for some time at Matchings Easy by an accident, he sees the great man—now entangled in his eighth affair of the heart—informal, charming, voluble, pouring a cataract of bright talk over his visitor, his second wife, his children, his secretary, his Boswell—Herr Heinrich, an East Indian, an aunt, Letty, and the infatuating Miss Corner with "merciful" eyes. Into this group, rather delightfully muddling along in its pleasant corner of England, drops, like a Zeppelin bomb, the war of 1914. What happened in the ensuing year, the reader may discover for himself.

It is an impressive book, written with trimmed lamp and girt loin, by a man whose quick, flexible, and generous sympathies have felt vividly nearly every phase of the war from, one is tempted to say, nearly every point of view. It begins on a note of high spirits and charming levity over American conceptions of the English and English conceptions of the Americans.

Mr. Direck carries a more or less comic part throughout. He is not very well done: Americans of his class do not mistake Indians for negroes, or ejaculate "My word!" or talk about "rucking" their shirts, or look bewildered when one speaks of an automobile as a "car," or, we trust, conduct themselves quite so much like a schoolboy at a five-o'clock tea as Mr. Direck does when he is attempting to express love. And yet Mr. Direck is not bad; and he is by no means badly treated. He is a fair specimen of the clean, "high-minded," rather stiff-kneed American idealist, tinctured with a theoretical pacifism, though not dyed in it. Mr. Britling thoroughly understands his position, and, theoretically, sympathizes with it; and yet the Laodicean temperature of the man becomes, after the outbreak of the war, so damnably inappropriate in his house that, in a fit of uncontrollable irritation, he stalks from the room where they have been talking, and slams the door behind him. In redeeming himself for sentimental reasons unconnected with his principles, Mr. Direck is probably American enough.

The most interesting rôle, in some ways, is played by the blue-eyed, pink-cheeked, index-making, card-cataloguing candidate for the doctorate in philology, Herr Heinrich. His sketch is a little of a caricature, but *just* a little; and he is fondly, he is affectionately, done. One loves the poor boy with all his stupid, humorless, wide-eyed literalness. One is made to feel that there is not a particle of harm in him. He is simply the helpless creature of a system which he did not create, and which he cannot even conceive of resisting. He "does" his philology because he has to do it. He is interested in Esperanto as a world-language; and he has his dreams of a world state. But when the summons comes, he joins his regiment, because he has to join it. His reluctance and bewilderment at dropping his scientific pursuits and his subsequent fate are treated with genuine pathos—with merited pathos. It refreshes one's faith in humanity to see an Englishman in this hour handling a German like Herr Heinrich with such understanding tenderness.

Though Mr. Britling has had his eighth "affair," Mr. Britling's author does not appear to us to have made any great strides in his acquaintance with the "feminine heart," or rather in his ability to depict it. The women in this book are, however, though not of much consequence in the story, intermittently successful. The infatuating Miss Corner is a poor thing; but those "merciful" eyes are fetching; and she does give poor Mr. Direck one quite ecstatic kiss: "*Cecily stood up to him as straight as a spear, with gifts in her clear eyes.*" Mr. Wells renders, as finely as any man going, the ecstatic moment or two in the first contact of fresh, clean young lovers; and he has done it before. He renders here, also, with exact delineation of the business, the decay of passion in a couple of philandering old ones: "And, after the fashion of our still too adolescent world, Mr. Britling and Mrs. Harrowdean proceeded to negotiate these extremely unromantic matters in the phrases of that simple, honest, and youthful passionateness which is still the only language available," etc. "Proceeded to *negotiate*"—a wonderful phrase! Old Aunt Wilshire, after she is blown to pieces by a Zeppelin bomb over her game of "patience" in the village of Filmington-on-Sea, is dreadfully effective. The widowed Letty is effective for the page in which she vents her intense personal hatred of the Kaiser and his kin; she would have fear hound him till his coffin goes down into the grave—such things are felt and uttered.

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There are a good many capital little sketches of men and women whom we have not mentioned. The masterpiece is, of course, Mr. Britling. That interesting gentleman is a transparent portrait of Mr. Wells—an amazingly frank portrait. He has never before produced so engaging a likeness of himself. We are not speaking about his private life, of which we know nothing, but of his ideas, his imaginative sympathies, his character as a man of letters. We have frequently thought of him as rather aspiring towards than attaining right reason; as unrealistic and Shelleyan in his emotional tendency; as somewhat diffuse and commercial in his literary character. He has made a god of "becoming"; his intellectual fluency and versatility have in the past been his undoing, making him seem an instable, an unformed power, a nebulous nucleus of dissolving impulses. Mr. Chesterton once remarked that one can hear Mr. Wells growing overnight. The war has been a long and formative night. He has emerged with a book which impresses one as not moonstruck, but sunlit. The fact is, apparently, that he has at last, to borrow his own figure, "felt in his skin" what he has been only talking about for a quarter of a century. He has felt in his skin what is wrong with the world.

The effect of futility in a great many of his novels is directly traceable to his endeavor—as one felt, a questionably sincere endeavor—to persuade us that something which is in fact of very little importance was a matter of very great importance. We refer to the philanderings of his fluent heroes—and his heroines. In order that some fluent hero or heroine might philander for a year or six months—till the impulse abated—and philander in tranquillity, he has repeatedly tried to persuade us that human nature should be altered and the world reconstituted. Now, the world needs reconstitution, and human nature needs alteration; but not for that purpose! And it was difficult to believe that a man with Mr. Wells's abundant and wholesome comic sense, and with his free-playing intelligence, could sincerely weigh or consider that purpose; or fail to see the absurdity of clamoring for order, measure, and control in the external world while reserving a silly and sentimental little anarchy in the heart.

Well, in this respect as in many others the great war, with its multitudinous public and private calamities pressing daily nearer and nearer to the heart of the household at Matchings Easy, brings Mr. W——, brings Mr. Britling to his senses. Through the first selfish panic of the civil population hoarding their gold and buying up bread and tinned sardines; through the days when one watched with growing astonishment, yet with an aloof spectatorial air, the thunderous trampling and rush of the Germans towards Paris; through the period of agitated unpreparedness, and apathetic and mismanaged recruiting and drilling without uniforms or rifles, and Churchill-excursions to Constantinople; through the tedious wintry sieges; through the months when all the villages of England began to fill with Belgian exiles, and with wounded sons, and with English widows and orphans, and to sleep and shudder under the peril of the skies—through all this commotion the distinguished speculative author, Mr. Britling, settles earthwards till his feet are planted firmly upon "the realities." Incidentally, his eighth affair of the heart, which in the piping times of peace would have required to be elaborated into one of these "soulful" romances, sinks into exactly the place of contemptible insignificance which it deserves.

We have quoted in these pages some of the popular follies of Mr. Wells on the "sex-question"; let us have something of the wisdom of Mr. Britling:

> The mysterious processes of nature that had produced Mr. Britling had implanted in him an obstinate persuasion that somewhere in the world, from some human being, it was still possible to find the utmost satisfaction for every need and craving. He could imagine as existing, as waiting for him, he knew not where, a completeness of understanding, a perfection of response, that would reach all the gamut of his feelings and sensations from the most poetical to the most entirely physical, a beauty of relationship so transfiguring that not only would she—it went without saying that this completion was a woman—be perfectly beautiful in its light, but what was manifestly more incredible, that he too would be perfectly beautiful and quite at ease.

Thus far, Mr. Britling describes what we have called the "unrealistic and Shelleyan emotional tendency" of Mr. Wells. Now listen to Mr. Britling's comment upon this tendency:

> This persuasion is as foolish as though a camel hoped that some day it would drink from such a spring that it would never thirst again. For the most part Mr. Britling ignored its presence in his mind, and resisted the impulses it started. But at odd times, and more particularly in the afternoon and while travelling and in between books, Mr. Britling so far succumbed to this strange expectation of a wonder round the corner that he slipped the anchor of his humour and self-contempt and joined the great cruising brotherhood of the Pilgrims of Love. . . .
>
> For some years the suspicion had been growing up in Mr. Britling's mind that in planting this persuasion in his being, the mysterious processes of Nature had been, perhaps for some purely biological purpose, pulling, as people say, his leg; that there were not these perfect responses, that loving a woman is a thing one does thoroughly once for all—or so—and afterwards recalls regrettably in a series of vain repetitions, and that the career of the Pilgrim of Love, so soon as you strip off its credulous glamour, is either the most pitiful or the most vulgar and vile of perversions from the proper conduct of life.

We have referred in these pages to Mr. Wells's tendency to trust the instinctive self; let us hear Mr. Britling quote the wisdom which his son learned in the trenches:

> "In a crisis," he concluded, "there is no telling what will get hold of a man, his higher instincts or his lower. He may show courage of a very splendid sort—or a hasty discretion. A habit is much more trustworthy than an instinct. So discipline sets up a habit of steady and courageous bearing. If you keep your head you are at liberty to be splendid. If you lose it, the habit will carry you through."

We have referred to Mr. Wells's rather material and external conceptions of felicity and of the "means of salvation"; let us hear Mr. Britling theologizing:

> A finite God who struggles in his great comprehensive way as we struggle in our weak and silly way—who is *with* us—that is the essence of all real religion. . . . God is within Nature and necessity. Necessity is a thing beyond God—beyond good and ill, beyond space and time, a mystery everlastingly impenetrable. God is nearer than that. Necessity is the uttermost thing, but God is the innermost thing. Closer He is than breathing and nearer than hands and feet. He is the Other Thing than this world. Greater than Nature or Necessity, for he is a spirit and they are blind, but not controlling them. . . . Not yet. . . .

The real "inwardness" of Mr. Britling's reaction to the war may perhaps best be suggested by the words which come into his mind as he stands on the scene of a Zeppelin raid:

> Some train of subconscious suggestion brought a long-forgotten speech back into Mr. Britling's mind, a *speech that is full of that light which still seeks so mysteriously and indefatigably to break through the darkness and thickness of the human mind* [our italics].
>
> He whispered the words. No unfamiliar words could have had the same effect of comfort and conviction.
>
> He whispered it of those men whom he still imagined flying far away there eastward, through the clear freezing air beneath the stars, those muffled sailors and engineers who had caused so much pain and agony in this little town.
>
> "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Is this hypocrisy and an insufferable literary pose on the part of Mr. Britling? Or is it just as sincere as his son's "Damn the Kaiser—and all fools"? One accepts its sincerity. For Mr. Britling has been taking medicine, bitter and purgative, to his soul's great good. He has brought "the Zeppelin raids, with their slow crescendo of blood-stained futility," into connection with "the same kind of experience that our ships have inflicted scores of times in the past upon innocent people in the villages of Africa and Polynesia." These terrible incursions were a part of that mechanical "efficiency" which the Germans had and the English had not, but which Mr. Kipling and Mr. Wells and others had long been urging upon the British as the way to salvation. It was *not* the way! That was the truth glimmering in Mr. Britling's mind. It was the way to something—perhaps to *more* efficiency, but not to salvation. That lay by a route which the footsteps of the imperial dream have never trod. And so Mr. Britling was honestly "no longer thinking of the Germans as diabolical. They were human; they had a case. It was

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a stupid case, but our case, too, was a stupid case. How stupid were all our cases! What was it we missed? Something, he felt, very close to us, and very elusive. Something that would resolve a hundred tangled oppositions."

Mr. Wells and Mr. Britling have written in the course of the war a good many pamphlets on what should be done after it. Mr. Britling criticises his contributions thus:

"Dissertations," said Mr. Britling.

Never had it been so plain to Mr. Britling that he was a weak, silly, ill-informed, and hasty-minded writer, and never had he felt so invincible a conviction that the Spirit of God was in him, and that it fell to him to take some part in the establishment of a new order of living upon the earth; it might be the most trivial part by the scale of the task, but for him it was to be now his supreme concern.

Those who wish to share in the task may be recommended to try rewriting the letter which Mr. Britling addressed to the parents of Herr Heinrich.

CURRENT FICTION.

Fondie. By Edward C. Booth. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This story presents another accomplished British novelist to American readers. Its substance is uncommon in several ways. We have been getting used to the foolish hero, who blunders his way through current fiction, to be lifted in the end, by virtue of some unexpected quality or fortune, to a genuinely heroic plane. Commonly, however, this romantic Jack the Dullard, this Simple Simon among leading men, is endowed with birth, or wealth, or charm of manner. "Fondie" is merely the absurd son of a village wheelwright, born with an excess of conscience and a minimum of self-assertion. He is the sort of very good little boy whom everybody laughs at. His nickname is the local equivalent of "silly ass." His manner and speech are well over the line from prig to hypocrite. He will not have it that anybody else can possibly be wrong or that he himself can possibly be right. His one enthusiasm, which he carefully hides, is for Blanche, the vicar's daughter. She, indeed, is the memorable figure here—warm, erring, lovable, herself to the end, though in the end piteously overwhelmed and done for. Motherless, full-blooded, wilful of life and pleasure, she is still not weak, and might, with fortune, make a strong mother of men. Even Fondie might save her for himself and the world, if he were less occupied with his modesty and his conscience. But she goes her way alone to dusty death, and Fondie is left to practice his humdrum virtues and plod his faithful way towards the same inevitable goal. One does grow attached to him, as to a trusty dog—and that is a triumph for his creator. Fondie has his own strength. But we are well content to have done with him. In the end it is the girl Blanche, smiling, doughty creature, so easily, with all her bravery, a victim of fate—it is she who, after the story of her is laid down, strangely haunts the memory, a shape of pity and of terror.

The Gold Trail. By H. De Vere Stacpoole. New York: John Lane Co.

This tale of illicit treasure—a shipload of gold bullion pirated from the Dutch Government and buried on the shore of a New Guinea river—has something of a Stevensonian flavor, with its pair of gentleman adventurers, its brace of seafaring villains, its New Guinea tribesman and old native woman for Nemesis, and its beauteous half-breed heroine. The semblance lies in the plot and character types, and, needless to say, does not extend to the style or interfere with Mr. Stacpoole's own special line of geographical romance. Tropical psychology occupies this writer less than the pictorial aspects of sub-equatorial regions. One is likely to remember the adventure as incidental to its scene and atmosphere. Yet Macquart and Captain Hull are as engaging a pair of reprobates as one ever meets outside the pages of R. L. S. Macquart, a sort of human treasure-hound, endowed with the "true scent for gold," is particularly fascinating on first acquaintance, as waking from a night spent on a park bench he confides his fabulous scheme to a fellow-derelict. It seems almost a pity that in the voyage from Sydney to the New Guinea coast he should have to deteriorate into the mere unfortunate victim of a malign obsession—so masterful a scoundrel had he seemed at first sight. "The old clothes that covered this walking romance were forgotten by those who read him—the dubious morality hinted at in his physiognomy was passed over; the fact that he was a walking parable on Poverty was unheeded—he showed men Fortune, talked of her as his mate, and made them believe."

Big Timber. By Bertrand W. Sinclair. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

The story begins in the conventional fashion of Western romances, with a pretty Eastern girl on her way to a rough part of the West—in this instance the lumbering region of British Columbia. The reader resigns himself to the usual complications. But he finds himself gradually and pleasantly disappointed. The characters begin to show marked individuality; the situations do not develop according to the familiar formula. Instead of the stage country of the romancers, Mr. Sinclair's West turns out to be a part of the planet Earth, inhabited by human beings. Stella Benton, brought up in luxury and left penniless by her father's sudden death, goes out to live with her brother in his logging camp on Roaring Lake. She finds him absorbed in the work of getting out lumber, and without a thought in the world beyond the making of money. When he loses his camp cook, he presses her into service, temporarily, as he says, but as it turns out for a considerable length of time. She rebels, but her brother has borrowed all her ready money, and there is no escape—at least none that she is willing to consider. The eligible and wealthy young man who appears she promptly and decisively rejects. She detests the drudgery of her task, but is not ready to sell herself to avoid it. Meantime she has come to like and admire Jack Fyfe, a neighboring lumberman, who operates on a larger scale than her brother. Fyfe is a strong man with a reputation for recklessness and general effectiveness. At first she fears him as a primitive and dangerous sort of being, but she slowly learns that his mastery of men is based on unusual self-control. Fyfe is in love with her, and wishes to marry her at once to save her from further drudgery; but she refuses him also, until the discovery that her brother is too intimate with an Indian girl at the camp makes her position intolerable. Then, dreading the future, but with no concealment of her lack of love for Fyfe, she marries him. A year or so after the birth of their child appears the man with whom she at once falls in love. It would not be fair to the story to relate the outcome; but on the whole both she and her husband stand the test of character well. The writer seems thoroughly acquainted with the life of the logging camps. In characterization he is rather less successful with his heroine than with his hero. It is evident, however, that his main interest is in character, and not only his central figures, but some of his minor ones, are very much alive. The villain still smacks of conventional romance, and there are melodramatic situations in the plot. But it is evident that realism is at last invading the Western field; and a transitional story like "Big Timber" is a sign of promise.

The Seed of the Righteous. By Juliet Wilbor Tompkins. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

The Gage family had been blessed with an unusual pair of philanthropists for parents, whose heads were as full of generous ideas as their pockets were empty of cash. Sereno Gage, known as the Children's Friend, conceived all sorts of admirable benefactions and was ably seconded in obtaining funds to put them into operation by a wife as devoted and free from false pride as himself. Why should they hesitate to allow others the privilege of sharing in the good work in which they themselves delighted. The offspring of this altruistic and unworldly pair could never have been properly reared, educated, and socially launched without the help of many kind friends, and the courageous mother never shrank from making these needs known—and taking the forthcoming help as the gift of God. It is with the effect of this habitual receipt of benefits upon the young Gages that the story deals. Fabra made a neat living for herself as an organizer of endowed "movements." Ralston's literary and domestic necessities—pleasant surroundings, stimulating admiration, and all the creature comforts—attracted a wife who could supply them. Only Chloe, the younger daughter, revolted against what she called a grafter's ca-

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reer and insisted upon making her own independent way.

The contrast—and conflict—between the mother and this daughter—each an idealist in her own fashion—is well drawn, and over against these two brave hearts are set the pretensions of the two selfish young poseurs. It is a kindly but incisive commentary on a habit of mind and a social type that is becoming too prevalent, and is not to be relegated to the category of sermonettes for ladies. Cheap preaching has never been in this writer's line, who within the restricted social field to which she confines herself ever shows a penetrating understanding of character anu an artist's choice of theme. In her pages we meet them—the nice people we know in real life—not unduly idealized nor shockingly "shown up," but so revealed to our sympathies, in their qualities and defects alike, that our hearts warm to them even while we smile at their foibles.

GENIAL REMINISCENCES.

Reminiscences of a War-Time Statesman and Diplomat, 1830-1915. By Frederick W. Seward. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50 net.

Mr. Seward might well have entitled his book "Recollections of a Happy Life," so genially does he recount the more notable experiences of his long and active career. Not even the tragic events of April 14, 1865, when he nearly met his death in defending his father, Secretary Seward, from the attack of a would-be assassin, are told with trace of bitterness in these readable pages; and the appraisals of public men and their motives are prevailingly friendly.

The "Reminiscences," instead of being divided into chapters, are grouped topically, and with no attempt at close narrative connection, in three parts, devoted, respectively, to events before, during, and after the Civil War. Selection is difficult, but particular interest and charm attach, in Part I, to the account of a long carriage journey in 1835, which took the author with his parents from their home in Auburn to Harrisburg, southern Pennsylvania and northern Maryland, Harper's Ferry and Washington, and which incidentally gave Mr. Seward his first view of negro slavery. To the Seward home came Henry Clay, John Quincy Adams, Kossuth, and other notables; while the varied incidents of official life at Albany during the Governorship of the elder Seward, and of the campaign of 1840 and the Helderberg anti-rent excitement, surrounded the author from boyhood with the atmosphere of practical politics. He was at Washington, as secretary to his father, who had entered the Senate, during the compromise debates of 1850, and later, as a member of the editorial staff of the Albany *Evening Journal*, then the organ of Thurlow Weed, was in daily contact with the stirring events of the anti-slavery struggle. It was during this period of newspaper work that he participated in a conference the outcome of which was the establishment of the New York *Times*. A vacation trip to the remote island of Anticosti, in 1857, gave him a glimpse of a region which even to-day is comparatively inaccessible; and the already published story of Senator Seward's visit to France, in 1859, is enriched by the record of a conversation with Drouyn de l'Huys, descriptive of Seward's visit to Napoleon III and the Empress Eugénie at Compiègne.

When the elder Seward became Secretary of State in Lincoln's Cabinet, Mr. Seward was appointed Assistant Secretary. He had already been the bearer of a warning to Lincoln of the assassination plot, and now, as a Federal official, was in a position to observe from the inside many of the aspects of the great Civil War. The "Reminiscences" do not, indeed, add greatly to our substantive knowledge of the war period, but they nevertheless throw a pleasant light upon the progress of events at the capital, and upon some incidents which at the moment were more or less screened from public view. There are interesting sketches of the organization of the State Department, of the loyal labors of Gen. Scott, of Secretary Seward's refusal to receive any joint representation from the British and French Ministers when intervention was threatened, of the adjustment of the Trent affair, of the summary treatment of two Confederate agents in Morocco, of the signing of the Emancipation Proclamation, of the excitement in Washington over Early's raid, and of Lincoln's last Cabinet meeting. Among the author's duties was the preparation of weekly letters on military affairs to American representatives abroad, which did much to inform and correct European opinion of the war; and he accompanied the members of the diplomatic corps on a visit to industrial centres in New York, planned by Secretary Seward as an object-lesson in the overwhelming resources of the North.

Early in 1866 Mr. Seward accompanied his father on a visit to the West Indies, of whose economic and social conditions, now changed in important respects, he gives an exceptionally detailed account. Later he was sent as plenipotentiary to negotiate, unsuccessfully as it turned out, for the acquisition of a naval base in San Domingo. In describing the purchase of Alaska, he takes friendly exception to the story, set down by the late John Bigelow in his diary, of "the enormous lobby fees in connection with the Alaska bill." "Why," he asks,

> should my father tell the story to Mr. Bigelow instead of telling it to me? I was with him, and in his daily confidence, knew about the bill being held up in Congress, and was quite as anxious as he was for its passage. Yet he never told the story to me at all! . . .
>
> My own conjecture is that he told Mr. Bigelow, who had recently arrived from Paris, the sort of news that he might expect to find flying around Washington and the lobbies of the Capitol, and that Mr. Bigelow, not fully comprehending that these were *canards*, went home and set them down in his diary as actual facts (p. 366).

The version is not, of course, conclusive, nor does it do entire credit to Mr. Bigelow's perception; but it is at least supported by Secretary Seward's testimony before a House Committee, in 1868, which the author cites.

Of special interest at the present moment is the extended account of the elder Seward's visit to Mexico, in 1869, as the guest of a nation which welcomed the opportunity to express its gratitude for the defeat of the French intrusion under Maximilian. One cannot but wonder, in reading this record of gracious and abounding hospitality under the Juarez régime, whether, on the one hand, the wild events of the last few years in the northern Mexican provinces may not have obscured some more welcome facts about the country as a whole, and whether at the heart of Mexico there is not still a core of culture and political health; or, on the other, whether the much-vaunted excellence of the Diaz Government may not have poisoned the stream of progress at its source.

The reader who knows his American history well may very possibly be surprised at some of Mr. Seward's omissions. One finds, for example, either the merest mention, or none at all, of the Kansas struggle, the Dred Scott case, the Harper's Ferry raid, Lincoln's *habeas-corpus* policy, the preliminary Proclamation of Emancipation, the evolution of Reconstruction, the Treaty of Washington, or the Hayes-Tilden election. Some of these matters, of course, have been already treated in Seward's life and collected writings, but it would have been interesting, in view of the readableness of what has been included, if the author's recollections of some of these incidents had been recorded also. A man's reminiscences, however, are his own, and we have no intention of quarrelling with Mr. Seward over what he has left out. It is only because, in this well-printed volume, he has given us so much that is pleasurable and worth while that we heartily wish that he had given us more.

INDISCREET LETTERS.

A Diplomat's Wife in Mexico. By Edith O'Shaughnessy. New York: Harper & Bros. $2 net.

Mrs. Nelson O'Shaughnessy here presents a series of "letters from the American Embassy at Mexico City, covering the dramatic period between October 8, 1913, and the breaking off of diplomatic relations on April 23, together with an account of the occupation of Vera Cruz." They were written to the mother of the author, and a hope is expressed that "in spite of necessary omissions they may throw some light on the difficulties of the Mexican situation." The result of her correspondence is rather bulky, filling about 350 pages, with many repetitions, and showing the natural defects of the epistolary medium. The work, apart from the fact that its very publication is in questionable taste, is a significant, although not particularly original, contribution to the materials which must be considered in solving the Mexican problem.

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The author was in a position especially favorable for observing conditions, yet these letters are, after all, most interesting for their sketches of the important actors in the Mexican tragedy, and a circumstantial record of some notable episodes in American diplomatic relations with Huerta. Their ultimate political value is diminished by the ephemeral medium of composition; the standards of judgment with regard to Mexico are largely acquired and neither substantiated nor assimilated; and many of the allusions to personal interests of the author might well have been spared.

Of the Constitutionalist First Chief, to whom this Government has now sent accredited representatives, she says: "Those who have watched Carranza's long career, however, say that a quiet, tireless, sleepless greed has been his motive force through life." Mrs. O'Shaughnessy also reports sundry conversations which the participants may have supposed at the time were privileged to privacy, such as one between Mr. Lind and von Hintze, in which Mr. Lind said that "the United States would never allow the dominance of British interests to the injury of American or Mexican ones." She also declared in a letter of November 11, with regard to Mr. Lind's policy, that "any measure tending to undermine the central authority here, imperfect though it be, can only bring calamity." Humorous thoughts of a grim sort might well occur to Mr. O'Shaughnessy, but should his wife publish them in 1916, when they relate to persons and events such as the following? "In Chihuahua, Luis Terrazas, one of the nephews of Enrique Creel (who was Ambassador to Washington, Minister of Foreign Affairs, etc.), is being held for five hundred thousand dollars ransom. Mr. C. came to see N. the other day, looking very much put out. N. thought he perhaps reflected that five hundred thousand dollars was a large sum, and was wondering if it was worth it." One joke, however, deserves recording, if it were not for the fact that it is to the derogation of Mr. O'Shaughnessy's former chief: "Clarence Hay brought N. a bottle of cognac, inscribed: 'Nelson from Victoriano,' and a like-sized bottle of grape-juice: 'Nelson from **W. J. B.**'"

Again, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy opines that, "going back over things, it does seem as if the United States, in conniving at the elimination of Diaz, three years ago, had begun the deadly work of disintegration here." Further, she writes, "I don't think Villa would weep other than crocodile tears if anything happened to Carranza; but what would Washington do without that noble old man to bear the banner of Constitutionalism? 'One year of Bryan makes the whole world grin!'" Later on the author rages against Mr. Lind: "A hot indignation invades me as Mr. Lind drops out of the most disastrous chapter of Mexican history and returns to Minnesota. (Oh, what a far cry!) Upon his hands the blood of those killed with the weapons of the raising of the embargo—those weapons that, in some day and hour unknown to us, must inevitably be turned against their donors."

The writer who publishes his own letters must be prepared to face the same examination as a writer of autobiography. Thus, the instances in which pronounced bad taste appears in "A Diplomat's Wife in Mexico" are fairly open to criticism. In this respect Mrs. O'Shaughnessy will compare rather unfavorably with Mme. Calderon de la Barca, whose letters, written in 1840-1842 under extraordinarily similar circumstances, are mentioned in this book. Speaking of the quarters which Manuel Bonilla occupied as a refugee at the Embassy, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy writes: "His room, by the way, contains the bed that Mrs. ——— refused when she was shown over the Embassy, saying, 'What! Sleep in the bed of a murderess?' The murderess being dear, gentle, pretty Mrs. Wilson, my late chefesse, and the murdered ones, I suppose, being Madero and Pino Suarez!" Whatever the truth of the matter, it is hardly tactful for Mrs. O'Shaughnessy to revive what caused much criticism of her husband when she tells how Admiral Cradock's report to his Government was stolen, and the stenographer paid $200 for copying it. "In it, it appears, he quotes Nelson as saying that the 'most sacred international relationship in the world is that between England and the United States.'"

Further repetitions of such indiscretion abound. But Mrs. O'Shaughnessy would have done well to follow the example of Kanya de Kanya, who, she writes, "was with Count Aerenthal during his four years in Vienna as Minister for Foreign Affairs, and during that time made copious notes relating to the burning questions of the Near East, which will, of course, throw light on the big international issues of that period. He is hoping for a quiet time out here, to get them in order, though he can't publish them until a lot more water has flowed under the Austro-Hungarian mill."

The closing chapters of the book are the most vivid, and, in a journalistic way, the most successful. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy relates how, after the wedding of Huerta's son, they fled to Vera Cruz; tells of the fight by the Mexican cadets, the relief of the prisoners in the fortress of San Juan de Ulloa, and other interesting episodes.

Due either to hasty composition or to careless proof-reading, however, errors in words from foreign languages, especially Spanish, are lamentably numerous. Her translation of "Sufragio electivo y no Reelección" as meaning "Universal Suffrage and No Re-election" gives to Madero's programme the false implication of an interest in woman's rights. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy makes many mistakes in gender, and the influence of Italian on her Spanish is obviously pernicious. She writes of "uevas"; quotes Huerta as using the term "grand nación" of the United States; omits the accent on "chicherfa"; speaks of Dominguez as an "apostolo"; mentions "lo estomago" and "Hijadelmare"; omits the accent on "gachupín"; puts an Italian twist on a simple Spanish word by spelling it "empegno"; and confesses of herself, "No me gusto." Mr. Lind is termed a "Scandinavian"; "peón" nowhere in the book receives its proper accent; she calls Villa "vencedore," distorts a whole Spanish sentence into "Marieta, no seis coqueta porche los hombres son muy malos"; puts an unnecessary accent on the name every time she mentions Fray Motolinia; asserts that he wrote works on "Nueva Espagna," especially one called an "Historia de los Indios"; surprises historians by discussing an institution she calls the "Consijas de las Indias"; leaves off the accent due the word "Zó-calo"; confuses Spanish with Italian in speaking of a "treno," and omits invariably the accent on "quién" and "cómo" when they are used interrogatively. Other examples are far too numerous to mention, but even her French goes astray, and English naturally suffers occasionally in this confusion of spellings.

Notes

"The Pan-Germanic Plan Unmasked," by André Chéradame, will be published shortly by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Houghton Mifflin Company publishes today: "The Life of John Marshall," by Albert J. Beveridge; "A Volunteer Poilu," by Henry Sheaham, and "How to Read," by J. B. Kerfoot.

"The New Map of Africa," by Herbert Adams Gibbons; "The Leatherwood God," by William Dean Howells, and "The New Interior," by Hazel H. Adler, are announced for immediate publication by the Century Company.

The Macmillan Company announces as forthcoming: "The Long Road of Woman's Memory," by Jane Addams; "The Song of the Plow," by Maurice Hewlett; "With the Flying Squadron," by Harold Rosher; "The Hope of the Great Community," by Josiah Royce; "Distributing Justice," by John A. Ryan, and "A History of Music," by Sir Charles Villiers Stanford and Cecil Forsyth.

The Pennsylvania Society of New York announces the forthcoming publication of "The United States and the War," containing addresses by James M. Beck, Lord Bryce, and Rear-Admiral Peary, edited with an introduction by Barr Ferree.

Robert M. McBride & Co. announce for immediate publication "Pod, Bender & Co.," by George Allan England; "The Certain Hour," by James Branch Cabell; "From the Hidden Way," a book of verse by the same author, and "Seven Secrets of Success," by Madison C. Peters.

Frederick A. Stokes Company's publications for November are announced as follows: "Forty-five Years in China," by Timothy Richard; "The Life and Letters of the Right Hon. Sir Charles Tupper," by E. M. Saunders; "Complete Poems of Thomas MacDonagh"; "Complete Poems of Joseph Plunkett," and "What Every Business Man Should Know," by L. G. Kearney.

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Harper & Brothers have announced the publication of: "The Mysterious Stranger," by Mark Twain; "Charles Frohman, Manager and Man," by Isaac F. Marcosson and Daniel Frohman; "The Shining Adventure," by Dana Burnet; "The Way to the House of Santa Claus," by Frances Hodgson Burnett; "The Arabian Nights," Louis Rhead edition, and "Uncle Sam's Outdoor Magic," by Percy K. Fitzhugh.

George H. Doran Company announces the publication of the following: "The Unknown Mr. Kent," by Roy Norton; "Cloud and Silver," by E. V. Lucas; "Rod of the Lone Patrol," by H. A. Cody; "The Witch of Endor," by Robert Norwood; "Boy of My Heart" (anonymous); "A Visit to Three Fronts," by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle; "Letters from My Home in India," by Mrs. George Churchill.

"Scandinavian Immigrants in New York, 1630-1674," is the title of a thick volume by John O. Evjen, professor of church history in Augsburg Seminary, Minneapolis, Minn. The book is published by K. C. Holter Publishing Co., Minneapolis. Professor Evjen has devoted a great deal of careful research to his subject, which he presents in the form of biographical sketches of the persons of Scandinavian origin who came to New York between the dates mentioned. One hundred and eighty-seven persons are included in the list. Professor Evjen has added some appendices dealing with Scandinavians in Mexico and South America, and in Canada in the seventeenth century, in New York in the eighteenth century, and with German emigrants in New York before 1674. For the special student, or those interested in genealogy, the volume will be of interest and value.

"A History of the Family as a Social and Educational Institution," by Willystine Goodsell (Macmillan; $2), ought to form an important number in a textbook series in education. Westermarck's "History of Human Marriage," Starcke's "Primitive Family," Howard's "History of Matrimonial Institutions," and other more pretentious, theoretic, or special works in this field are not at all adapted to class use. And yet there is as great a need that the young shall be instructed in the history of the family as in that of any other major institution of society. This is the sort of vital history that History has never attended to; when historians complain of the inroads of the science of society upon the domain of history, they might well be taxed with having left large portions of that area in waste—and title to the waste has always been vested in the agency that has redeemed it. This is a remarkably informing and clarifying book; it is also well and simply written and can be understood by any student of college grade. It is correct in its essentials far beyond the degree attained by most such treatises upon social subjects. But we wonder whether it is destined, in the present age, to a wide use. No topic connected with sex can be adequately treated without some plain words upon matters that are commonly tabooed, especially in books for the young. What is allowed freely in the novel and upon the stage may not be tolerated in cold description, even though there are historic facts in the latter case as against veiled reference and suggestion in the former. Our author is as discreet and has as delicate a sense of propriety as could be desired; for instance, he slips by the practice of bundling with such reticence that the uninstructed reader could have no idea of what is meant by the term—a situation recognized by a reference to Howard and to Stiles for "an account of the character and extent of the practice." But no one can write a history of marriage or the family, in which he must treat of the customs of other times and places, as, *e. g.*, the Middle Ages in Europe, without in some measure infringing the tacit agreement current in this age and country not to handle these matters freely. "This unwillingness," writes Goodsell, "to discuss such questions has been united with a feeling of hostility toward social critics who proposed measures of reform at all radical in character. Thus Mrs. Parsons's thoughtful book on *'The Family'* met a few years ago with a storm of adverse criticism and rebuke because it rather audaciously suggested that in view of the widespread existence of prostitution, and in view of the danger of long-deferred marriages, society might find it wise to attempt the experiment of early trial marriages."

There is a good deal of sense in the views of such critics; and their opposition is still more reasonable when it comes to filling the undiscriminating heads of young people with ideas of this sort. But our author does not sin much, if at all, in such directions; and our doubts as to the adaptability of his volume for use as a textbook are not based upon his indiscretion, but upon the more general question as to whether topics involving sex can be acceptably treated, except in the most summary and partial fashion, in a textbook. For the graduate student, however, this volume will be most useful as a book of reference. It is remarkably full and complete for its size, witnessing as it does to wide reading and a sense of perspective. We do not recall another book of its compass that is nearly so satisfactory. It is descriptive rather than analytical, and treats the subject historically rather than from the standpoint of social evolution. But it is good to have all this matter inside the covers of a single book of convenient size and moderate price. Occasionally, it might be added, there is inaccuracy of form; on page 46 we have noticed several cases of wrong initials, pointing, etc., as, for example, "Giddings, Franklin T.", "McGee, W. J.," and "Giraud-Teulou."

For consolation the reviewer of ever multiplying war books may reflect on the magnitude of the task which awaits the future earnest student of sources for the history of the war. That task will not be lightened by the fact that so many of the volumes of notes and impressions of various aspects of the struggle contain much that is of interest and value. Of the volumes before us one which aims to be rather more than such a collection of personal notes is Ernest W. Hamilton's "The First Seven Divisions" (Dutton; $1.50 net), "being a detailed account of the fighting from Mons to Ypres." It is a plain account, based partly on personal observation (the author is a captain in the Eleventh Hussars), partly on second-hand information, evidently conscientiously acquired and used, of the retreat of the British expeditionary forces from Mons to the Marne, the dramatic resumption of the offensive there, the advance to the Aisne, the westward extension of the Allied left wing and the German right, and finally of the tremendous first battle of Ypres, when the attenuated British line, holding firm against overwhelming odds, defeated the alternative plans of the German General Staff, the occupation of the Channel ports. The general story is well told and is supplemented by accounts of actions of individual units and of individuals themselves. The same general ground is covered in Frederic Coleman's "From Mons to Ypres with General French" (Dodd, Mead; $1.50 net). Here, however, the narrative is frankly personal, dealing principally, except for such account of general operations as is necessary to give an intelligent perspective, with incidents that came under the observation of the author, an American who at the beginning of the war joined the Royal Automobile Corps. The opportunities for observation of one whose principal duty it was to dash from one part of the front to another carrying staff officers in a high-powered automobile were naturally exceptional, and Mr. Coleman has made of them a singularly vivid and interesting narrative. It is interesting as a comment on one of the unexplained incidents of the war to record the high admiration expressed by both these authors for Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien, particularly for his feat in extricating the Second Army Corps from apparently inevitable annihilation at Le Cateau. Both authors agree, however, that had not the German pursuit on the two days, August 29 and 30, been inexplicably slackened the escape of Smith-Dorrien's army would have been exceedingly doubtful.

Translated from the French, we have "The Epic of Dixmude," by Charles le Goffic, and "Prisoner of War," by André Warnod (Lippincott; $1 net each). The former is the story, well worth the telling, of the heroic defence by the French Fusiliers Marins, which helped to save for King Albert that stretch of Flanders where he still rules. The latter is an account, which does not differ greatly in general impression from others of a similar character, of several months' imprisonment in one of the German concentration camps. The impressions of a British subaltern who signs himself "Platoon Commander" in the fighting from the Aisne to La Bassée are recorded in "With My Regiment" (Lippincott; $1 net). It is an unpretentious, brightly written little volume, made up of papers that have appeared in various English periodicals. From a different point of view we have, in "Under Three Flags" (Macmillan; $1), impressions gained in Red Cross service in Belgium, France, and Servia by St. Clair Livingston and Ingeborg Steen-Hensen. The book was frankly put together in haste and suffers somewhat from diffuseness in subject matter and lack of organization. Lieut.-Col. J. H. Patterson has a theme of exceptional interest in "With the Zionists in Gallipoli" (Doran; $2 net). The Zionists were a mule transport corps recruited from Russian Jews who fled before the Turks into Egypt from their settlements in Palestine. This corps was organized and commanded by Col. Patterson, and with him it rendered valuable and distinguished service in the ill-fated Gallipoli expedition. His story of its exploits is well told and makes capital reading. Whether or not Col. Patterson would have been professionally more discreet to have confined his account to the business in hand, the adventures of his own corps, it is not for us to say. Unquestionably, his volume gains in interest from the general commentary he has to make on the conduct and organization of the Gallipoli expedition as a whole. That it was ill conceived

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he does not agree; that it was almost inconceivably ill-managed he is convinced. The splitting up of the army of invasion into nine parts was, to his mind, the cardinal error. The attack should have been concentrated in force at the position which came to be known as Anzac, where the Australian and New Zealand divisions alone missed capturing the heights of Sari Bair by so narrow a margin as to show conclusively that a strong force could have occupied this key to the Narrows, cutting off from its supplies the whole Turkish army of the peninsula, and gaining at one blow a victory that would have had a decisive influence on the entire course of the war.

Quite unconscious of events to come, "The Gate of Asia" (Putnam; $2.50) gives an intimate insight into the races and political conditions that obtained in those regions which now mark the eastern confines of the present war. William Warfield, impelled by a geologic hobby to travel the historic sites of Babylonia and Persia, managed to invest his observations with a strategic as well as a human interest, and his leisurely record contains pages that will bear fruitful reading after the war. Nowhere else, perhaps, will problems of geographic and political interest take precedence over these of Mesopotamia and Persia, of the southern hinterlands of Russia, when the readjustment of territory and spheres of influence takes place. Mr. Warfield sojourned at Bagdad, whose importance has revived, and there may yet exist reasons why the ancient city of the Caliphs will be resuscitated, and the Moslem world pay homage to *the* Caliph, or to some Caliph of equal importance, if the dissolution of Turkey in Europe is assured at the close of the war. Besides finding the ubiquitous Teutonic influence at work along the much-discussed Bagdad railway route, Mr. Warfield, in his pre-hostile impressions, found murmurs of protest at the supineness of the British in their wide concessions of spheres on the Persian Gulf. Of the unpopularity of Turkish rule there are abundant anecdotes gleaned among Arabs and Kurds. Quite the most interesting pages are those depicting the Kurdish tribes, whose exploitation for the fiendish massacres of the Armenians has given them and their late master, Abdul Hamid, a well-deserved stigma in modern history. But Mr. Warfield has a good word to say for the Kurds, whose native honesty and rugged simplicity in their own country caught his admiration. Wretched Armenia was also included in his itinerary, and there is poetic justice in his enthusiasm for the stalwart, rugged type of the native Armenian of the mountain villages, who has so often dared to hold up an avenging Turkish army corps, as compared with our experience with the undersized and sharp-witted types of this race more familiar in the Levant and in America. Whatever hard things Mr. Warfield is justified in recording of Russia, the fact remains that depleted Armenia has the single hope and ambition of being rehabilitated under her ægis. It is a pleasure to read Mr. Warfield's anecdotes of our sturdy American missionaries in these oppressed sections of the Ottoman Empire; in more than one instance has the church militant become the church triumphant.

Full of delightful memories of the Victorians, of Paris under the last Emperor, of Spain in revolution, of Russia, and of London and provincial Manchester, Richard Whiting's "My Harvest" (Dodd, Mead; $2.50 net) will impress the reader as a commendable example of autobiography. The author of "No. 9 John Street" and "The Island" is still capable of the robustious optimism concerning progress in civic and human relations that made him distinct from the sentimental school of "uplift" we have still with us. While he is to the fore with the newest movement for betterment in life and letters, his sturdy Victorianism is proof against the gibes of modern prophets like Mr. Shaw, against the Superman in letters and life. "The strong man rules—himself, and serves the others. While the effigy holds its place as a god in Germany, Germany must be on its way to the abyss. She was once re-made by a literature of the right sort; she is going to be unmade by a literature of the wrong." And one is fain to quote further: "This good breeding of the pen is a great point with the French. Literature is the medium in which they render their idea of the gentleman. They have absolutely no mercy for the bull in the china shop on the search for emphasis."

As a correspondent on the Continent, Mr. Whiting saw a good deal of modern history in the making, and gives interesting pictures of particular phases of this period of Victorian Olympians on which it is still our fashion to lavish an unintelligent scorn. Here we find a defence of Tennyson: the best judges of a man, Mr. Whiting asserts, are his contemporaries. "They alone know what new thing he brought into the world. . . . The critic of a new time, who inherits the concept only as a platitude at the best, is in no position to feel the rapture of the sense of service." The author also knew the human side of his heroes. There are some delightful anecdotes of the Browning family in Paris, before the poet came into his great vogue. "The greatest visionary in the finer sense of the word, and withal the greatest diner out," is the verdict on Browning from a Victorian who, as man of the world, himself kept a fine integrity of art and conscience. Mr. Whiting admits the Mid-Victorian "dowdiness" of the Brontës, but adds: "Theirs was the Wellington touch on the iron string of duty, the sense of the novel as the epic of life." Quite the best chapter is that on Prussianized History, but the memories of great ladies and their salons in Paris, of the social and literary life of the period in their capital cities, the simple story of the author's own part in the passing show, are also written with a rich mellowness of reflection that incites to a second perusal.

We know of no wiser book of recent years on the subject of preaching and the preacher than George Wharton Pepper's "A Voice from the Crowd" (Yale University Press; $1.50 net). The volume contains the forty-first series of the Lyman Beecher lectures, but the first of the series to be given by a layman. The notable fact is that this layman distinguishes himself by laying the emphasis on the spiritual and religious aspect of the preacher's task, rather than on the social aspects which the clergy themselves are so fond of magnifying these days. Not often do we find a deeper note of conviction than in these lectures, but they are also sprinkled with shrewd observations on sinful human nature. Altogether the book can be highly recommended to clergymen who make sermons and to laymen who hear, or ought to hear, them.

Music

A GLIMPSE OF THE MUSICAL SEASON.

When the manager of the Metropolitan Opera Company returned from Italy last week he made the somewhat alarming prediction that if the war continued there would probably be no opera here next season. Prima donnas who still might be engaged abroad are afraid of submarines, while tenors, baritones, and basses not only are not allowed, if young men, to leave their country, but are likely to be called back if here. But the outlook is not really so dark as Mr. Gatti-Casazza sees it. Of English singers there are none in his company, and of French but a few. The Germans, of course, are unable to cross the ocean; which leaves only the Italian contingent in doubt. Caruso is not likely to be summoned to the front, and Polacco, who is now the chief conductor, is safe for the present as being an only son and supporter of his family. This leaves the baritones, De Luca and Amato, and the tenors, Martinelli and Botta, as problematic. To say that their recall would endanger the next opera season is paying them a great deal too much honor. There are other good baritones, and we have an American tenor, Riccardo Martin, equal, to say the least, to those Italians.

Geraldine Farrar's first appearance as a rival of Mary Garden in the part of Thaïs will probably be the season's chief sensation. One of the novelties, "Canterbury Pilgrims," is by a genuine American, Reginald de Koven. One really cannot but marvel at the patience of the directors in staging American operas in view of the unfortunate results of previous experiments in that line. However, Mr. de Koven was extremely popular when he wrote "Robin Hood" and "Rob Roy," which vied in vogue with the favorites by Sullivan and Johann Strauss, so why should he not now score a success in grand opera? Victor Herbert achieved this feat when he composed "Natoma," which, for reasons unknown, is not included in the repertory of the Metropolitan, although it welcomed, two years ago, a far less inspired work of his. "Natoma" is among American operas what Bizet's "Carmen" is among the French.

Had Bizet lived, he would have doubtless produced other masterworks equal to "Carmen." Indeed, he had planned another opera, also on a Spanish subject, when death carried him off. In the works preceding "Carmen" he had not yet quite found himself, although there is much delightful music in "L'Arlésienne" and in "The Pearl Fishers," which is to be added to the Metropolitan repertory. Not only that, but special prominence is to be given to it by its choice as curtain-raiser for the whole season. It is to be sung on the opening night, November 13, with a cast including Hempel, Caruso, and De Luca, under the direction of Polacco. One is glad to see that Caruso will also be seen and heard again in the amusing little opera of Donizetti, "The Elixir of

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Love," in which he is even better than in his tragic parts, for he has a real comic streak in his character—a streak which is revealed abundantly in his printed caricatures, and which shows itself sometimes in the form of inappropriate pranks where there is no other outlet for it. Of the other revivals promised the most interesting are Delibes's "Lakmé," with the Spanish colorature soprano, Mme. Barrientos, and Gluck's "Iphigenia in Tauris," in a German version made by Richard Strauss. It is probable that Zandonai's "Francesca da Rimini" will also be staged. The return of Lucrezia Bori will be hailed with delight.

Even if Mr. Gatti-Casazza's lugubrious prognostication regarding the Metropolitan Opera Company should come true, lovers of opera would have no cause for despair. The Boston-National Opera Company would no doubt be only too glad to make its home for a few months on Broadway. This year, beginning November 6, it will be heard for a week only, at Oscar Hammerstein's latest, and probably last, theatre, the Lexington Opera House. It has a good list of operas: "Andrea Chenier," "Iris," "La Bohème," "L'amore dei tre Re," "Rigoletto," "Tales of Hoffmann," and "Madama Butterfly." The list of singers includes Luisa Villani, Tamaki Miura, Maggie Teyte, Giovanni Zenatello, Riccardo Martin, and M. Baklanoff. Tamaki Miura is the Japanese soprano who won so much praise last season as Chio-Chio-San in "Madama Butterfly." Repeating this rôle, she is to be heard also in another Japanese-Italian opera, Mascagni's "Iris," which was one of Emma Eames's best parts.

In the concert world it will be interesting to observe the effect of the present situation on the famous artists. Heretofore it has been considered advisable for even the greatest favorites not to tempt fate by touring this country in two successive seasons; so a year or two in Europe or a trip round the world was interposed. The season 1916-17, however, is the third during which these artists are to be heard in America. So far as can be judged from what has so far taken place, concert-goers seem no less willing than frequenters of opera to greet their favorites every year. Carnegie Hall was quite full when Mme. Gadski sang on October 8, and again on October 14, when Fritz Kreisler played; while others who have so far appeared in that place or in Aeolian Hall have had about as large audiences as usual. In view of the fact that a few years ago the musical season did not really begin till November, it is of interest to note that this year the third and fourth weeks of October are as crowded as any in the year. The orchestral concerts began last Sunday, and this (Thursday) evening the Philharmonic plays the season's first important novelty, Richard Strauss's new tone poem, called the Alpine Symphony. Of new artists, so far, the best is Isolde Menges, a young English girl in the early twenties, who played the difficult Brahms concerto in a delightfully musical way.

HENRY T. FINCK.

Finance

IF THE "PEACE RUMOR" HAD BEEN TRUE.

From the point of view of Wall Street, the most obvious reason for the recovery of prices last week, return of the outside speculator, and resumption of "million-share markets," was the unanimous conviction that, despite the mysterious Wall Street announcement of October 6, negotiations for peace are not in sight. This leaves the question as debatable as ever, what the real effect on financial sentiment of the ending of the war will be.

It is still open to dispute whether reopening of the whole world's trade to American enterprise, removal of danger that America might be dragged into war, access to raw materials now cut off from us, restoration of our old-time foreign cotton market, would not supersede, even as speculative influences, the prospect that export of munitions of war would end, that Russia's wheat would be released, that gold imports would slacken, and that New York might lose its war-time advantage as the safest custodian of outside capital. This very important question is not so easily settled in advance as Wall Street oracles and political stump speakers seem to think. But, supposing that the rumor of October 6 had been apparently confirmed—that private cables from banking houses at London, Paris, and Berlin had given the same intimation as the announcement of the banking house in New York, and that Ambassador Bernstorff had not denied it—what would then have happened on the markets?

It is not difficult to imagine. Actual knowledge of peace negotiations would almost surely have caused a decline in wheat; a violent fall in the price of copper, lead, zinc, and probably of steel, and a rise in the price of cotton. It would have been accompanied (and probably preceded) by rapid advances in the price of Anglo-French 5 per cents, British collateral 5 per cent. bonds, and all other securities of belligerent European Governments listed on our Stock Exchange. It would have been followed by immediate rise of sterling exchange to parity or higher—a rate which might or might not be permanently maintained.

How far the movement of exchange on other markets would be governed by the facts as to which side in the war was beaten and which victorious, it is impossible to be sure. The question whether a large cash indemnity might not have to be paid by the defeated belligerent would have much bearing on this question. But the strong probability is that the foreign exchange rates, even on defeated belligerents, would move rapidly towards normal figures. But it might be years before the actual old-time parity, say of exchange on Petrograd, Berlin, Paris, or Vienna, would be restored; for even Wall Street, in its excitement over the news of peace, would remember belligerent Europe's prodigious inflation of its paper currency. That no such financial movements occurred in response to the "peace rumor" was evidence that there was nothing in it.

Among people who look beyond the first conclusions of the moment, a broad distinction is already being made between what will happen in the immediate readjustment of affairs from a war footing to a peace footing, and what will happen when this first readjustment is completed. Discussion as to conditions which will prevail one year, two years, or five years after the ending of the war brings up entirely different problems. There is no greater unanimity of judgment over the probable economic state of things in Europe than over that of America. High experts of the Federal Reserve Board appear to be quite at sea as to what will happen to our huge accumulations of gold. Immigration experts do not know whether there will be a rush of European labor to this country, or such a price for it at home as will prevent that movement entirely.

Well-known steel-trade experts divide in opinion as to whether Europe and the neutral markets will be bidding eagerly for the American product after war, or whether our home markets will be swamped by the cheap product of Europe. Very much will depend on that. The very best authorities can be cited for exactly opposite conclusions on all these points. Only the politicians seem to know exactly what is going to take place, and it is probable that they will refuse to tell us any more about it after November 7.

These are, however, considerations for the longer future. What Wall Street desires to know is what will occur at once, on news of peace. For instance, how about prices on the Stock Exchange? Even if the whole market should move first in line with the general preconceptions of Wall Street, peace would mean something very different to the various stocks. It could not, for instance, possibly have the same bearing on the fortunes of Bethlehem Steel and Union Pacific, Amalgamated Copper and National Biscuit, Mercantile Marine and Southern Railway.

As to the general and longer course of Stock Exchange values on the news of peace, that could hardly be predicted without knowing what the financial world would really think of peace itself. We have had plenty of predictions about that. But so we had as to the financial effect of war—all of which predictions turned out wrong, about six months later.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Aldrich, M. Told in a French Garden. Small, Maynard. $1.25 net.
Dickson, H. The House of Luck. Small, Maynard. $1.35 net.
Hudson, W. H. Tales of the Pampas. Knopf. $1.25 net.
Jordon, E. Lovers' Knots, Harper. $1.25 net.
Miniter, E. Our Natupski Neighbors. Holt. $1.35 net.
Roof, K. M. The Stranger at the Hearth. Small, Maynard. $1.35 net.
Steele, L. M. Dr. Nick. Small, Maynard. $1.40 net.

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Ward, Mrs. H. Lady Connie. Hearst International Lib. Co. $1.50 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Coester, A. The Literary History of Spanish America. Macmillan. $2.50.
Fowler, W. W. Essays in Brief for Wartime. Oxford: Blackwell.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Williams, C. L. Creative Involution. Intro. by E. Markham. Knopf. $1.50 net.
Rihbany, A. M. The Syrian Christ. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Philips, C. A. Readings in Money and Banking. Macmillan. $2.10.
Steinmetz, C. P. America and the New Epoch. Harper. $1 net.
Treitschke, H. von. Politics. Vols. I and II. Macmillan. $7 net per set.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Bradford, G. Portraits of Women. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50 net.
David Thompson's Narrative of His Explorations in Western America, 1784-1812. Edited by J. B. Tyrrell. Publications of the Champlain Society, Toronto.
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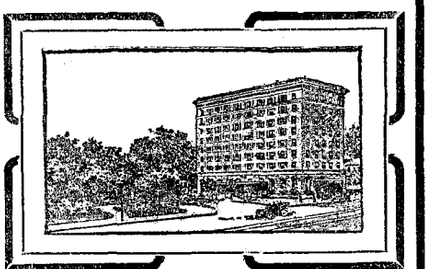

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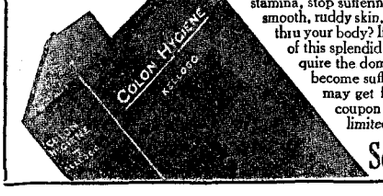

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